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Wright Takes
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Michelle Wright



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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE NOVEMBER 6, 1992 VOL. 100 NO. 45

CONTENTS

2 EDITORIAL

4 LETTERS

10 OPENING NOTES/PASSAGES

12 COLUMN: CHARLES GORDON

14 CANADA

The federal election results show that conservatives (the biggest spenders) are also the biggest losers; the Conservatives' electoral debacle provokes black humor and a spate of finger-pointing; the Blue Quakers and the Reform party bring talent—but little parliamentary experience—to the opposition benches; Canadian veterans of the Vietnam War feel like forgotten soldiers

26 WORLD

The threat of a total blockade looms over Italy; wildfires ravage southwestern California

34 BUSINESS

As a crucial vote in Congress approaches, support for the North American Free Trade Agreement wavers

37 THE NATION'S BUSINESS: PETER C. NEWMAN

38 COVER

48 JUSTICE

As American TV show broadcasts details of two notorious murders

50 CRIME

Headlines terrify a small Nova Scotia community

61 SPORTS WATCH: TEGH FRAYNE

62 PEOPLE

64 OBITUARY

Italian filmmaker Federico Fellini was a master of cinematic spectacle

69 TELEVISION

The tragic story of abused wife Jane Stafford makes for devastating fare

70 BOOKS

Sas Thriller explores what it means to be a man

73 FORTHCOMING

The country craze

38 Across Canada, country music has gone mainstream. Enthusiasts who used to turn up their noses at down-home tunes are now tapping their feet—and even line dancing—to American artists including new-country rebel Garth Brooks, and such Canadian performers as Michelle Wright, a star at home who is trying to conquer Nashville.



Taking charge

14 After a 10-year political apprenticeship, Jean Chrétien is to be sworn in as prime minister this week. He faces huge expectations—and inherits a host of political headaches. Among them: a federal deficit that may hit \$40 billion.



Children of the tunnels

29 Four years after the overthrow of dictator Nicolae Ceaușescu, Romania is riddled in economic crisis. Among the worst-hit victims are the homeless children—gypsies, prostitutes and glue-sniffers as young as three years old—who inhabit a Dickensian underworld beneath the Romanian capital.



LETTERS

Spiritual advice

I find highly amusing the suggestion of just defeated Winnipeg MP Dorothy Dehbie that Pontus Manning wants to impose his "happiness" religion upon the nation ("The crusader," *Canoe*, Oct. 25). I remember that Canada came through relatively unscathed while William Lyon Mackenzie King led us between 1931-1933 and 1935-1939, according to advice he received from the spirit world.

W. T. Bekavell,
Calgary

It is election morning, 1995. Reflecting upon the past seven weeks, I feel a sense of déjà vu. Didn't we choose our collective distrust of the political elites in last year's referendum? Canadians seem caught in a destructive cycle of protest voting. When in the history of mankind has a nation so rich found so much to be better about?

Jim D. Clark
Winnipeg, Que.

Where's the sense? The left side of our collective national brain was short-circuited on Oct. 25 when we bedazzled Preston Manning and Lucien Bouchard to step into the political limelight. The catchphrase deficit of Conservatives is certainly a victim of protest, but moreover, it is a pathetic view of themselves. It is laziness at best and paranoia at worst, to allow our internal agenda to be dictated by the Bloc Québécois's one-sided xenophobia, and Reform's former fanaticism that, as the warning goes, don't wish too hard for xenophobia—you might just get it.

John Lawrence,
Monterey, Calif.

'Our heritage'

I am really getting tired of people—Piero C. Newman being the latest—calling those who object to the RCMP uniform being changed "racist ideologues." ("The election needs a touch of magic," *Business Week*, Oct. 16). I have spent most of my long life in and around Ottawa, so Parliament Hill and an RCMP constable are familiar sights to me—and to the thousands of tourists who want their picture taken beside one. That uniform and the people who wear it are part of our heritage. But it is one more thing being taken away. There is no objection to a person of any race, color or creed being a Mountie, but I object to the well-known uniform being changed to accommodate that person. And I resent the suggestion.

Nancy Richardson,
Ottawa

'Politically incorrect'

In your review of my new book, *Born Naked* ("Talking to the animals," *Books*, Oct. 11), *Weekend* is deeply skeptical of my claims to having had a happy childhood. Apparently, I have disappointed you by my lamentable failure to describe how I was sexually molested by a trusted relative, subjected to racial slurs because of my alien (Scottish) ancestry, victimized by socialist teachers, mindless social workers and medical professionals, and of the countless I endured at the hands of a non-smoking father and a ruthlessly sadistic mother. I am sorry to have to be so politically incorrect but I experienced some of those things. I did have a great childhood and related almost every minute of it. In my father's words: "Now, God be thanked, those were happy days, and we had enough sense to savor them while they lasted."

Farley Mowat,
Port Hope, Ont.

'Fresh air'

Cause on *Medicine*. You write that "some of the stronger characters inevitably dragged into office with Manning and Bouchard will check the nation—and keep their leaders' busy parsing out lies."

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LETTERS

Exploitive sex

I am disgusted that *Menken's* saw fit to feature *Really Innocent* as a great example of the 1980s ("The King of Porn," Cover, Oct. 12). In an age when you have many choices of honorable *Cassidys* to read, why was it necessary to put this great exponent of exploitation on your cover?

Shirley Wilson,
Ajax, Ont.

Many times I have been deeply affected by stories you have printed. *Sensiba*, *Boasts*, *Black Throats*, *Paul Trude* come to mind, sometimes I think there is no depth to the diversity of mankind. But now, I cannot allow the pain, rage and disgust I feel after reading your report on child pornography. I cannot shake the image of a frightened child forced to engage in a sexual act with an adult in front of cameras and cameras. A prominent sentence of two years for possession of child pornography? Who are we kidding? Why aren't these people labelled dangerous of leaders and locked up indefinitely?

S. J. Matthews,
Richmond, Ont.

'From the heart'

Evelyn has persistence and hard work. *Thane* paid off ("The pen is mightier than the sword," *Review*, Oct. 11). Her writing comes from the heart through experience. *Life's* struggles. After reading this article maybe some arrogant parents will understand their children's dreams, and let them explore their talent instead of holding it for the sake of parental values.

David Salsahn,
Windsor, Ont.

Social security

The article "Social programs: the cuts to come," (*Canada*, Oct. 11) implies some kind of virgin birth to our social policy initiatives in the 1980s. A form of income security for seniors has been in *Canada* since 1927 and discussions on universal health insurance began as early as 1919. Social policies to meet the needs of *Canadians* are not new ideas, and the changes your article suggest are on the way will weaken *Canada*.

Dennis C. Brasher,
Mississauga

Letters may be submitted. Please supply name, address and daytime telephone. While letters to the editor *Maclean's* magazine, 4000 Steeles Ave. E., 7th Fl., W. Toronto, Ont. M2H 1A7, are accepted, they are not published.

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be (sarcasm, pointed at the glass job of External Affairs. While Chretien pointed the bias, his advisers pointedly noted that the Bloc Québécois paid little attention to Chretien's riding during the election campaign—a clear signal that the Bloc regards Chretien as relatively unopposed in Quebec voters and would prefer to reallocate future government initiatives with him. If Chretien accepts that logic, he may give External Affairs to Aisling and keep Chretien closer to home, possibly as minister of Interpersonal relations.

But these problems pale in comparison to the budget that Chretien faces in Ottawa. Although the new prime minister said repeatedly that he would not back away from promises even if the government's books turn out to be worse than expected, many independent experts believe that the true picture will be an enormous shock. It is not merely the size of the deficit itself—which at an expected \$40 billion is enough to rattle international money markets. Chretien must also come to grips with the fact that the deficit is structural and that high economic growth alone will not eliminate it. The biggest hurdle will likely come when Chretien and his new government sit down with provincial premiers within the next six months to negotiate fundamental changes to

Canada's social system. Some analysts say that the only place to find savings on the scale needed to tame the deficit is by slashing the \$55.4 billion in transfers to provincial and municipal governments and the \$39.4 billion spent on unemployment and old age benefits. As Liberal MP Marcel Masse, former clerk of the Privy Council and the likely new president of the Treasury Board, told *Maclean's*: "You cannot get rid of the deficit by cutting the civil service. We have to find a way to deliver services much better."

But first, Chretien has insisted that the Liberals act on his election promises—at whatever cost. As soon as he is sworn into office on Nov. 4, Chretien said, he will unveil the \$4.8-billion F-18 fighter helicopter program despite objections from the defence industry that such a move could destroy Canada's reputation for future projects, as

well as cost hundreds of high-tech jobs. But Chretien remained adamant, telling reporters: "If I could do it today, I would do it today." Still, taxpayers will be asked to absorb some loss. Chretien conceded that revised defence figures reveal that the government must invest \$1 billion in contract penalties each day that the program sits on Ottawa's books. Nor is it certain that another of Chretien's promises—to revive and possibly scrap the deal to privatize Toronto's Pearson international airport—will not end up costing taxpayers even more. Within 48 hours of his victory, Chretien asked former Liberal Ontario treasurer Robert Nixon to investigate the deal and report back within 30 days.

But those shuffles could not completely dampen the expectant mood that pervails with any change of Ottawa's political guard. Emboldened by 16-hour days during the campaign, Liberal officials bounced back, fueled by the anticipation of an end to their nine-year exile. Advocates say that the 50-year-old Chretien worked solidly throughout the day last week—but was back home at Stornoway, the Opposition Leader's official residence, by 2 p.m. and attended by 10. With Campbell camped at the Prime Minister's



Chretien, free at last of the dreaded media

Ottawa from Vancouver, filed with journalists and Tory staff, Campbell travelled the same route separately by government Challenger jet.

• The outgoing deputy prime minister, Jean Charest—out of only two Tories to win a seat—spent most of the week on the telephone. When a reporter asked for an interview with him, Charest's secretary explained that he was not available because "he is calling disappointed workers and defeated candidates." Without a trace of a smile, she added: "That means he has money, money calls to make."

• But the response that prompted most speculation in political and media circles appeared to come from former prime minister Brian Mulroney, even though it was rarely actually attributed to him. Two days after the

election, *The Globe and Mail* ran a lengthy article by editor-in-chief William Thomson titled "How Mulroney's strategy failed." It was a scathing denunciation of Campbell and a verbal apology for Mulroney. The article explained that "persuasion" should have led left the party with assets including "a vigorous party platform," a "full election war-chest" and "an experienced campaign team." Despite that, Thomson wrote, Campbell had discarded every key Tory adviser, ignored the policy platform and left his core advisers

agony at her "infinite and overconfidence." The story contained no quotes, attributed or otherwise, but *Globe* readers say that Thomson told Mulroney speak regularly. At the end of last week, defeated Tory MPs and campaign workers gathered in Ottawa to assess their losses and powder the future. *Globe*, soon, will be the party's headquarters on Slater Street and many of the billions and said at 50. They are the victims of election defeat that will almost probably total at least \$6 million. But in the meantime, some can always look to remember. Consider the longtime Tory strategist who remarked: "At least now we know the real meaning of the Conservatives ad that said 'Think Twice'."

ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

Black humor and finger-pointing

Q: Have you heard about the new Kim Campbell cabinet rules?

A: How to keep your seat in 47 days.

Q: Why did the Tory lose the race?

A: To mention the other Tory.

And so on. In the wake of the Progressive Conservatives' meltdown from 120 seats to a miserable two last week, black humor was one way the party faithful consoled themselves. Other means were predictable, and often less graphic: they included back-patting, bromides about the importance of democracy in action, cheerful silence and, when all else failed, wild remarks to incite profitable games. Examples:

• Tory politician Alan Gryn, flogged by many party workers as one of the villains who placed their disastrous campaign, attributed the defeat in a TV interview to the problem of "recessive heterozygosity"—making it sound as though any party in power suffers from a consumable and treatable disease.

• Defeated Prime Minister Kim Campbell—her duty with the media now reduced to zero—no longer may any need to speak to or even travel with reporters. While her campaign plane flew back to

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summer residence at Barrington Lake, Carleton and his wife, Anne, slipped quickly over to 34 Sussex Drive last Thursday to inspect their new home, as lockdowns began changing the locks.

While 1,000 employees of former Tory members packed up their belongings on Thursday (all but one, more than 500) volunteers flooded into Liberal headquarters just days after the election from hospital job-seekers. An unprecedented 301 non-career MPs are expected to handle issue Ottawa this week—some for the first time in their lives. One of the newcomers was Donna Hertz, a 38-year-old mother of 12-year-old twins who defected to Tony's Finance Minister Ross (one of two Tories the Liberals thought ineligible in the Newfoundland refuge at St. John's East. "This will be one of the biggest changes of my life," she said. "I want to see what the Parliament Buildings are like.")

The mood was considerably more subdued at the first Tory cabinet meeting last Friday. Privately, senior Liberals are sympathetic to the Tories' plight. That, however, does not translate publicly into a willingness to make exceptions that the Tories themselves refused to make while in power—when the *Beijing* Bill and *Belmont* parties were denied official party status. Reduced to a mere ramp and stopped at party standing, the Conservatives are without a sitting leader, a research staff and, most important, any money to rebuild. Party officials calculate that more than 100 defected Tory candidates failed to win the 15 per cent vote of voters they need to receive federal campaign subsidies—adding each of them with about \$30,000 in personal debt. The party itself is an estimated \$6 million in the red—despite the public protestations last week of party president and Senator Gerry St. Germain that its debt is no more than \$5 million. Campbell, who failed to qualify for a personal bid will receive a lump sum of \$60,000 in severance pay, is expected to cling to his leadership post until January—on a large part because the party itself cannot afford a leadership review.

Secondarily objectives in the army, several Tory sections are already plotting to stage a one-day rally using the Tory-dominated Senate as both a base and a money pot. By using their \$400,000 budgets for office expenses, some of the Tories' 26 senators plan to hire extra staff who would then also work as researchers for the party. As well, Tory sections will be called upon to organize, raise funds and direct policy. "Because we do have research funds we can use the Senate as a base for rebuilding the party," said Tory Senate Leader Lowell Murray. "I think we can be very useful in a support role. We're talking about a long haul. There's nothing as proper about it." Inquiries to one of the senators had the rug all dispirited for a ruling party hobbled as never before in Canadian history.

HOW TO SUCCEED, FRUGALLY



BACKSTAGE OTTAWA

BY ANTHONY WILSON-GREY

In the 47 days of the election campaign, and several, thousands of Tory party officials watched an extraordinary spectacle in modern politics: hundreds—sometimes thousands—of people willing to pay up to \$10 to hear a politician speak. Everywhere that Preston Manning went, Reform supporters either bought tickets or put money in a hat to cover the cost of the rented hall, sandwiches, coffee and other expenses. Reform not only led the election campaign but also, say party officials, drew a small profit.

Political parties need not show a profit during election campaigns, but neither should they post horrendous losses. Reform, with 18 per cent of the popular vote, will have \$22 million of Parliamentary and a balanced chequebook. The Progressive Conservatives, with 30 per cent of the vote, have two votes and a deficit that senior party figures say probably approaches \$6 million—despite public assurances from other officials that the total is \$2 million.

How can two right-wing parties that pride themselves on being fiscally responsible end up with such wild deficits? Reform's answer is simple: Our answer is that Reform is not essentially a reward party. The costs of such money in travel and advertising are reduced accordingly. With no Quebec candidates, they saved the cost of running a parallel campaign in French.

But those factors alone do not give Reform enough credit—for the Tories' own campaign. The Tories—and, to different degrees, the Liberals and New Democrats—can vary more expensive, traditional campaigns with far more television and print advertising. They spend, for example, estimate that they spent about \$5 million, with about \$4 million of that going to advertising. But how much money is really needed when there is little

evidence that TV ads actually increased the Liberals' vote—and in the case of the Tories' famous attack ads, not. Jean Chrétien, single evidence that it was counterproductive? Both parties received huge amounts of money in corporate donations, while the NDP received money from its allies in the unions. Reform and the Bloc Québécois relied much more on individual donations.

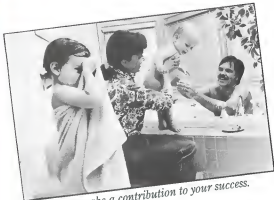
The Liberals acknowledge that they ended the campaign in debt, but so the new government they will find eager donors soon enough. Still, some remember their own crushing experience in 1993, when they were soundly beaten by the Tories and ended up \$4 million in debt—an amount that caused them to worry about their survival. Now, it is the Tories' turn to face such debts, and doubts.

There is already agreement among some members of all parties that the present federal electoral financing act should be reformed. One option under discussion is to cap Quebec's electoral law, which bans donations by private or public corporations and restricts the amount that any citizen may give to \$10,000. It has the advantage of considering the widespread perception that parties are prone to the corporations that fund them. Reform officials are studying that proposal, in the meantime, they advocate abolishing tax credits for companies making donations. Most members of the Bloc, like the Quebec law, passed by the Parti Québécois government in 1997.

But it is possible to find a way to get around almost any law in Quebec, for example, some companies give each director \$1,000 shortly before an election, with the implicit understanding that they, in turn, will give it to a specific political party. But bringing a new law into important signal for different reasons, the Tories and Reform performers in this election answer the question of whether the party with the most money can buy the most votes. Some Liberals think that having corporate donations would be a way of ensuring that questions need not be asked again. But their leader's view is not yet clear.



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The new kids on the Hill

The Bloc and Reform promise to shake up the House of Commons

"Only people who look dull ever get into the House of Commons," the British wit Oscar Wilde wrote in 1895, "and only people who are dull succeed there." Almost a century later, Canada's 35th Parliament seems ready to put the lie to Wilde's assertion. With members of Parliament representing five divergent political philosophies, historic sessions of the Commons are likely to be fractious and sometimes raucous—but seldom dull. Boasting a wide variety of professional and ethnic backgrounds—and including a record number of women—the 285 members of the new Parliament will arguably be more representative of the country than any previous group of MPs in Canadian history.



Bouchard: the Bloc is concerned with pro-Quebec concerns

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is adamant that his party wants the role of official Opposition. But privately many of his followers will not be disappointed if the Bloc fails to achieve that goal. They point out that, in theory at least, the Opposition is responsible for defending the interests of the entire country. That would presumably force Bloc members to focus up on a variety of topics that are

Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition enjoys envied perks and privileges. Among them:



of little direct interest to Quebecers—including wheat board regulations, western transportation subsidies and energy royalties.

At the same time, Bouchard says his party wants to be represented on all parliamentary delegations travelling abroad, and yet promote sovereignty at every opportunity. But the Bloc has not yet taken a stand on many inter-national issues, including whether Canada should remain in such organizations as the Commonwealth and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. It is on the other hand, the Bloc advanced the traditional role of the third party in the Commons, it could resist its major efforts to its primary goal of promoting Quebec sovereignty.

Many wonder why the Bloc is so upset over the need of experienced support staff. During the election, the party borrowed personnel from the Parti Québécois to fill many key strategic positions. Few of these advisers, however, want to work full-time in Ottawa. A clue is posted in Robert Charbonneau, a senior strategist borrowed from the office of PQ house leader Guy Chevrette in Quebec City. Although Bouchard pleaded with him to work for the Bloc, Charbonneau—who collapsed in shock hours before the election—was never by reporters.

as the Bloc's campaign bus—fully loaded. Many of the Bloc's MPs speak no English, and few are well acquainted with the rest of the country. Moreover, as a group they have little in common other than their ethnic commitment to sovereignty. They range from left-wing union activists to middle-of-the-road lawyers to business owners with decidedly conservative, economic views.

Even on subjects that Quebec nationalists tend to hold dear and clear, their views differ. Bouchard, for example, has said that elected bilingualism should be maintained as long as Quebec remains in Canada. By contrast, Jean-Paul Marchand, a Franco-Quebecer who was one of the party's top candidates, maintains that the program often leads to francophones outside Quebec and appeals only to English-speaking Quebecers.

In general, the Bloc's platform is conservative on economic matters. Liberal on social issues, and curiously pro-Quebec. That means, among other things, that the Bloc advocates massive cuts in defence spending—but wants all of Quebec's military bases kept open. The party also wants Ottawa to maintain the current level of funding for social programs as long as Quebec remains in Canada.

Despite doubts about the ability of Bloc MPs, observers in Quebec say the Bloc's talent level easily matches that of the 18 Quebec Progressive Conservative MPs elected in the province in 1994. Along with Bouchard, the party's leading figures include:

- Gilles Duceppe, a blunt, articulate hard-line sovereigntist first elected in 1996, who will serve as the party's whip.
- Marchand, a fluently bilingual former

federal civil servant with a degree in philosophy from Fordham University in New York City.

- Yves Landry, a 34-year-old economist and international trade expert who is a close confidant of Bouchard.
- Donald Tremblay, a former Tory MP with degrees in business administration and so-



Missing and wife Sandra, rejecting "empty partisan rhetoric"

cial science. From several Canadian and European universities.

- Claude Nadeau, a Chicoutimi former industrial relations analyst and the party's only non-francophone elected member.

Despite their sharp ideological differences with the Bloc, many Reform MPs will find their colleagues in Parliament. Reform, which concentrated its electoral efforts west of Quebec, has yet to develop policies for some issues that specifically affect other regions. Asked about the crisis in the East Coast fishery policy director Dennis Pankasopoulos at knowledge "May not it Calgary, we don't get asked many questions about foreign oil drilling." Reform, for its part, says that the party still needs to make "comprehensive evaluation of where we stand" on such issues as culture and communications policy, the environment and foreign relations.

Nevertheless, Manning bristles at suggestions that Reform—which elected only 11 members out of 285 in the Commons—consists of little more than, as he puts it, "loose lips in the West." The party generally supports the Liberals' plan to cancel Ottawa's \$4-billion purchase of 42 new cruisers. Beyond that, however, Reform can be counted on to oppose many Liberal initiatives. Its long-held policy positions include a call for a debate on whether Canada should stay in NATO, opposition to federal funding for megaprojects

such as the Bixton offshore oil project and cuts in unemployment insurance benefits for annually employed factory workers. The party has also demanded an end to what it claims is the "special status" enjoyed by natives under the Indian Act.

With only 52 seats, Reform will be hard-pressed to achieve any of those aims. To some extent, however, the party may succeed in changing the way debates in the Commons are conducted. Manning says that Reform will try to respond to government initiatives with "constructive suggestions rather than the empty partisan rhetoric of the past." And unlike most of their colleagues in the House, Reformers will be actively discouraged from making it up to Ottawa. Instead, the party wants them to spend half their time in their ridings. Manning will also push for more free votes in the Commons, which would allow individual Liberal MPs to vote against any proposed legislation without necessarily incurring a new election.

Like the Bloc, Reform's caucus will include several promising new MPs with impressive qualifications:

- Art Hanger, a 23-year veteran of the Calgary police force and Jack Bossey, a former Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer, will both concentrate on justice issues.
- Ray Spence, a veteran provincial Tory cabinet member in Alberta, will be the house leader.
- Deborah Grey, the party's only MP at the last Parliament, will be whip.
- Robert Ingram, a retired pulp mill owner and John Fries, a retired KLM colonel, will assume responsibility for defence issues.

If each party concentrates on its own strengths, they could produce some surprising results—for some surprising reasons. Among the likely voters, says former Bloc MP Jean Lapierre, will be "the ordinary people of Quebec" because they will get "a majority government in Ottawa led by a Quebecer, the Bloc or the Liberals, and the Reform party to look after their wishes." And while Lapierre—now a Montreal radio host—is unimpressed about Reform, he also says that Canadians elsewhere "shouldn't get too excited about the Bloc." Adds Lapierre: "The whole thing is a tribute to Canadian democracy. There aren't many other places in the world where this sort of thing can happen." For that, many Canadians will not be sure whether they should feel blessed or bewildered.

ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH and LARRY AINSWORTH. JOHN MORTON. JOSEPH MURPHY. BLOOM in film, one and BARRY GUM in Montreal

THE PRIVILEGES OF OPPOSITION

Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition enjoys envied perks and privileges. Among them:



- The keys to Stornoway, the spectacular official residence for the party leader.



- The Opposition receives \$1.1 million for research (the third party gets \$766,300).
- The Opposition Leader's Office gets another \$1.5 million.
- The leader himself receives \$48,245 a year on top of his net salary of \$91,180 and a two-time allowance of \$21,300.

The forgotten soldiers

Canadian Vietnam veterans mourn alone

Gerry Flowers was on a personal crusade when he went to a U.S. military induction centre in Buffalo, N.Y., in 1968. Flowers wanted to talk a friend, a teammate on his Toronto high-school basketball team, into enlisting with the American armed forces to fight in Vietnam. Instead, Flowers says he was entranced by a marine recruiter's promises of travel to distant and exotic places. While his friend joined the military physical and returned to Canada, Flowers soon found himself lining up for a haircut at Fortin Island, the U.S. Marines' base in South Carolina. He spent the next seven months in the jungles near DaNang, training South Vietnamese soldiers and coaching patrols of local villagers. After being wounded three times, Flowers returned to Canada in 1971. Married and the father of two children, he was a pilot and flight safety officer for Maclean's (Maclean's Ltd. in Vancouver). But he still bears emotional scars from his time in Vietnam. "Anybody who was involved there," says Flowers, "has some kind of trauma."

Next week, Flowers and thousands of other Canadians who served in Vietnam will stop to reflect on those who never returned from the killing fields of southeast Asia. But unlike Canadian veterans of other wars, those who fought in Vietnam will mark Remembrance Day on their own, without official sanction from such veterans' groups as the Royal Canadian Legion. The legion has consistently denied full membership to Canadians who served in Vietnam on the grounds that they fought with foreign forces in a war in which Canada had no direct interest. As a result, they must lay their own wreaths on behalf of Canadians who died in Vietnam at the national ceremony in Ottawa only after official ceremonies are over. "We feel rejection and frustration

most," says Ron Purkis, a security officer at the Whangpoo Memorial Centre who served in Vietnam in 1968. "It's a real lack in the teeth to find that you aren't eligible to join a group like the legion."

Purkis is one of about 300 members of the Ottawa-based Canadian Vietnam Veterans Coalition (CVVC). The coalition is currently searching for a home for an 11-foot-high black granite memorial honoring the Canadians who died in Vietnam. The National Capital Commission, which is responsible for federal lands in the Ottawa-Rideau region, recently declined to provide a spot for the monument. The commission fears memorials on federal lands to individuals or groups who "have been active in Canada or on behalf of the nation."

Such rejections leave many Canadian Vietnam veterans feeling like truly forgotten soldiers. In the 10 years since 1975, Canadian veterans had to travel to the United States to apply for and receive medical benefits. In 1986, veterans from across Canada formed the CVVC to lobby the U.S. Congress to grant them medical benefits and treatment in their native country. Two years later, Congress granted that request. "The response was overwhelming," says Purkis. "Once they realized how many of us there were, they said, 'We're going to do everything we can for you guys.'"

The exact number of Canadians who served in Vietnam is unclear; estimates range from 10,000 to as high as 25,000. So far, the CVVC has documented 100 Canadians who died at the war. It is their names that are to be inscribed on the memorial, which is under construction in Michigan.

Not all Canadian Vietnam veterans are upset by the lack of recognition in their home country. Keith Cunningham, a native of London, Ont., joined the U.S. Army's 101st Airborne Division in 1971 because he wanted to experience combat—and to honor the memory of an uncle who died during the First World War. Cunningham, who is now a captain in the Canadian Forces based in North Bay, Ont., says that Vietnam "wasn't Canada's war." He adds: "What we did was for ourselves, not for our country." Cunningham will pause now and then to recall a young man from his unit who died due to "friendly fire" from a U.S. helicopter. "I don't get upset because the government chooses not to remember the one that died in my area," he says. "It doesn't matter whether they remember, because I do."

ALAN ANDERSON in Ottawa



Flowers emotional scars

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A PLEA FOR HELP

FACING AN IMPASSE WITH HAITI'S MILITARY RULERS, ARISTIDE ASKS THE UNITED NATIONS FOR A TOTAL BLOCKADE OF HIS HOMELAND

Despering resigned last week to the poor districts of Port-au-Prince, Duvalierne, an unemployed 28-year-old, said that he danced with delight in July when he learned that Haiti's military leader, Lt. Gen. Raoul Cédrès, had agreed to allow exiled president Jean-Bertrand Aristide to return on Oct. 30. But his elation passed as Cédrès emerged on the agreement

Haitian life Duvalierne and Aristide. At the United Nations last week, Aristide, 28, a Roman Catholic priest and the first democratically elected president in Haitian history, called for "a total and complete blockade" against his homeland. He asked the UN Security Council to expand measures to force out the soldiers who overthrew him in September, 1991, and have entered a price accord, signed last July in New York City's Governors Island, ending his military statement on Oct. 30. "Later, but too late, they will have to leave," declared Aristide. "This degradation of our Government Island accord can only dramatically accelerate the leading course to a total breakdown."

Efforts in Haiti to reach a political settlement to the impasse appeared to be deadlocked. Cédrès, who refuses to step down, and Prime Minister Robert Malval, an Aristide supporter, cancelled a planned weekend meeting. Meanwhile, congressional representatives failed to master a quorum to begin debate on legislation essential to the restoration of democracy. A broad amnesty for participants in the 1991 coup and their supporters, and a law to separate the police from the military. Many pro-Aristide lawmakers were in hiding and unwilling to stand performed where soldiers—armed civilians who are believed to kill—sifted from Port-au-Prince police chief Lt. Col. Michel



HAITI IS ON A 'HEADLONG COURSE TO A NATIONAL BREAKDOWN'

—Elected president Jean-Bertrand Aristide

coup and their supporters, and a law to separate the police from the military. Many pro-Aristide lawmakers were in hiding and unwilling to stand performed where soldiers—armed civilians who are believed to kill—sifted from Port-au-Prince police chief Lt. Col. Michel



Prémons—killed near the estimates UN officials had asked foreign parliamentarians to act as escorts for pro-Aristide legislators. But in a letter to the United Nations, an informal group of parliamentarians said that task was too dangerous without guarantees of security from the Haitian military.

The population of Haiti, a tiny island of 110,000 km² north of Port-au-Prince, has swelled in the last few weeks with people who have fled the capital's streets. They have come either to escape growing violence or to avoid the military. "If it weren't for that, we would die of hunger," he says. "If it weren't for that, we would die of hunger." He says the military did not want to feed his family. Another refugee from the city, 16-year-old Prémons, says that many people are losing the battle for survival. Squatting at the rear of the doorway of the shantytown that she shares with her relatives, Prémons says, "If you are sick, the only thing you can do is lie down and die. A lot of people are dying." Many in Léogane are reluctant to try to flee in sailboats to the United States, as more than 40,000 Haitians have already tried to do since the 1991 coup. "The off of Aristide does not

Haitians stockpiling food in Port-au-Prince: fuel shortages and rising prices

come back in the next few days," says a 19-year-old unemployed youth from the capital who wears a *Micobon* T-shirt. Since May, 1992, U.S. authorities have registered most Haitians but people interested in sex, including at least 15 last week. But in Léogane, people refuse to believe that the policy is still in effect. "They cannot send us back now," says Aristide, 23, a fatherless with two sons, who rejects concern about the emergence of a new generation of political actors as the threat for the Aristide and Progress of Haiti. "Do they think the progress of Haiti? Do they think Haiti would have to be in a state of war?" Aristide asks. Marc André Laroche, 24, a last brother who has already fled once to be the registered, declares: "We Haitians will never tire of trying to escape."

The embargo could well heighten that impulse and drive the outflow of its impact at Port-au-Prince last week. A crisis by the three foreign companies in Haiti to distribute any fuel from their storage tanks through city traffic to a virtual halt. Officials at the U.S. embassy estimated the available supplies at 10 to 12 days for gasoline, and 24 days for diesel, but few gas stations were selling fuel last week. Some black-market fuel was being sold at as much as \$15 a gallon.

Another result of the embargo was an increase in power outages. The state electricity

company, which uses both for generation and hydroelectric power, announced that it would turn off two of the three turbines at the main hydroelectric dam every weekend to conserve the water level. A spokesman for Prime Minister Malval said that the government would use an emergency reserve diesel stocks to keep such essential services as the hospital, the electric company and the water plant running.

With the threat of a total blockade looming over Haiti, UN special envoy Doree Caputo last week called for emergency talks to resolve differences. But he made clear to Haiti's embassy that it was not going to be a "negotiation" of the Governors Island deal but rather discussions on how to get it implemented. At the same time, Caputo warned UNPAF and other hardline Ruffes groups—who threatened to use a coalition bank membership to replace Aristide with an interim president and then hold new elections—that such a move would give UN Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali "an alternative but to recommend that the Security Council strengthen its sanctions." For struggling Haitians, the economic future looks decidedly bleak.

ANDREW BILSKY and MICHAEL TAYLOR in Port-au-Prince

A CAPITAL CRISIS

President Bill Clinton turned down a request by Washington Mayor Sharon Pratt Kelly to send in the National Guard to help control spreading violence in the U.S. capital. Instead, Congress is arming up for members of several federal law enforcement agencies, including the Secret Service, the FBI and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, to assist the city's police force until it can hire and train additional officers. So far this year in Washington, there have been more than 1,500 shootings and 202 murders.

TERRA BLANCHE CONVICTED

Supreme Court Justice, leader of South Africa's neo-Nazi Afrikaner Resistance Movement (AWB), and 10 of his followers were convicted on public violence charges stemming from a 1984 clash with police in Johannesburg, about 150 km west of Johannesburg. At the time, AWB supporters attempted to disrupt a speech by President F. W. (Ferdinand) de Klerk, preempting a police attack in which three AWB protesters were killed and three others injured. A judge found Terra Blanche, 34, and gave him a suspended sentence of 18 months in prison.

REVINGE KILLINGS

Thirteen members except the central African country of Rwanda. After the massacre, units from the Tutsi-dominated army killed President Michel Micombero, a Hutu, in a botched coup attempt. Officials said that thousands of people were killed in the capital, Kigali, and across the country. Micombero and his family fled to the neighboring country of Tanzania.

RUSSIAN REAL ESTATE

President Boris Yeltsin held the last business to the free sale of land in Russia by using a dividend of 10% of the value of a property without of collective and state firms set up under communism.

A VIOLENCE VERDICT

A cousin of Vice-President Al Gore, Deloris Gore Dean, was committed on 12 criminal charges for her role in a corruption scandal at the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) in the 1980s. Prosecutors said that Dean, 38, a top HUD aide, had steered contracts to developers who had been of Jewish Republican candidates, including former attorney general Jack Mitchell. She faces up to 10 years in prison when she is sentenced on Jan. 19.

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WORLD

THE UNITED STATES

Out of control

Wildfires ravage southwestern California



A vision of hell, the disaster was repeated over and over last week, as the space shuttle *Columbia* soared 170 miles above the Earth, its seven-member crew watched an terrifying sight: a thick black cloud of smoke hanging over

large portions of southwestern California, the product of raging wildfires that devoured entire neighborhoods in a 180,000-acre swath stretching from the Mexican border to the northern suburbs of Los Angeles. The brushfires, some blamed on arson, were among the worst to hit the state this century. Whipped by hot seasonal Santa Ana winds into an unmanageable frenzy, they overwhelmed weary firefighters and forced thousands of stunned residents from their homes. More than 700 of the abandoned residences, many of them luxurious sceneries and canyon homes, burned to their foundations.

For two days, the flames were as intense as a match for the 4,000 firefighters called into the battle. Even massive air bombardments of water and flame-retardant chemicals could not stop the wall of fire, which, according to some witnesses, overran homes "like a loose cannon." Worst, but not without reason, was the brush, south of Los Angeles—in earlier population of 24,000 lived on the blue incense

ed more than 300 luxury residences. In Altadena, a tiny hillside suburb on the north side of Los Angeles, flames consumed more than 115 homes, including historic mansions. With damage estimates running to \$600 million and more, President Bill



Picking through the ashes, flames of roaring wildfire houses (right) a vision of hell.

Clinton declared five counties disaster areas. Miraculously, no deaths were reported. As the winds died down and firefighters appeared to be winning the battle, California, accustomed to natural calamity, put on their usual brave face. "Well, yes, I'll rebuild," said George Tilleron of Pasadena, whose ranch-style home was destroyed. "It's the American way." □

S A F A R I



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Homeless children seek shelter in Bucharest's streets, hell on earth

WORLD

ROMANIA

Children of the tunnels

Threadbare and dirty, unwanted youngsters inhabit a dangerous Dickensian underworld

It is a terrifying experience to follow Dan into the hole he considers home. The door is a makeshift cover on the edge of a park near Bucharest's Gara de Nord subway station. He squawks through and descends on iron rungs into a dark, stifling and dirty space. Plastic, worn pipes along one wall make hissing noises. Kids scuffle past his feet. The spritz of urine and movement is overwhelming. "Here it is," he always. It is difficult to read any emotion on his young face. Dan and three other ragged boys, all in their mid-teens, have spread out cardboard boxes on the floor. They are grateful to have this warm place for the coming winter. In other tunnels under the Romanian capital, homeless children have even managed to rig up electricity for makeshift lights.

Dan and his tunnel mates are part of a Dickensian underworld in which many of Romania's unwanted children now live. These threadbare and dirty-faced Olene Twists, some as young as three years old, can be seen feeding to the corners of the warm tunnels of Bucharest's subway stations after they shut down at midnight—

guage of miniature pimps, prostitutes and glue sniffers with their own hierarchy and unspoken rules. Some of them have escaped from overcrowded and underheated state orphanages. Most of them have run away from homes broken by poverty, domestic violence and alcoholism. All of them are the victims of either former Communist dictator Nicolae Ceausescu, who forbade contraception and abortion to fulfil his dreams of ruling a populous nation, or Ceausescu's successors, who have failed to provide a social safety net for Romania's youngest—and most vulnerable—citizens. Rev. George Spornschall, coordinator of an ad-

opter run by the Roman Catholic organization Caritas, describes the street kids as "a symbol of the situation in Romania as a whole." He adds: "The sight of children in the streets, their faces hidden in plastic bags containing Aerolin (glue solvent), is a picture of hell on earth."

Romania's dramatic revolution in December, 1989, which overthrew Ceausescu, caught the imagination of the world. In the aftermath, TV images of neglected infants in barracks-like state orphanages, their metal cribs lined up end to end, gripped the conscience of Westerners, many of whom streamed into Bucharest in search of children to adopt. Offers of financial aid also poured in from the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and other lending institutions to help Romania transition its economy into a free-market system. But after an initial spurt of democratization, fundamental reforms have stalled and former Ceausescu officials have crept back into power. The aid has supported all kinds of demands since June because of its failure to implement economic reforms. The country is in economic crisis,

with an annual inflation rate of 300 per cent.

When guardians about the street children—many of whom put their numbers from several hundred to 10,000—governments officials said that Romania has more pressing problems. "When you are concerned in capitalism you have to look at the more prosperous areas of the economy," was one official. "You can't afford to worry about poor people until later. That is the way capitalism works."

Romanian orphanages children come alive in groups around the subway stations when the adult world goes to sleep. It takes time and patience to get to know the characters who are bound together by a complex dynamic in which the oldest and strongest are the rules.

One of the kings of the Gara de Nord, "Michael the Blatnik," thinks he is about 19 years old but he is not sure. He and some of the other older boys make money by buying glue solvent for 20 cents a bottle and selling smaller amounts to younger children. The solvents come when waste a plastic bag, then place the opening over their mouths and inhale. Some of the groupaged go-walkers have burns on their faces where the solvent touched their skin. Michael and his cohorts also control entry to the warmer entrances of the tunnels, sometimes extorting payments. And they pump for some of the girls who live in the tunnels, working clothes. At least one of the most prominent at the Gara de Nord recently was in an advanced stage of pregnancy.

The younger children appear desperate for human contact—even with strangers. Nine-year-old Ciprian for example lives a lonely life's hard fight and calls for "Mama." He is one of the few kids that the "big boys" take notice of. In the glass solvent Ciprian shows a cut on his head where, he says, an older boy had hit him. The tale of having run away from his father's home in the age of eight after his mother died and his father turned to alcohol. As Ciprian battles with the visitor over a heating unit at the entrance to the main station, the ragged boy is suddenly accosted by a cleaning woman, who hits him with a broom and berates him for "travelling alone on our country's railways." He responds with a burst of foul language. But a few minutes later, when the woman is out of sight, the boy's bravado subsides and the child huddles into tears.

One youngster who has penetrated the hidden world of the tunnel children is Valentin Morley, a 24-year-old Briton who drove a charity truck to Romania last year and wound up staying. He now helps run a Caritas dormitory at the Gara de Nord station, trying to ease the tough and independent youth into one of five group homes (but the Catholic charity runs). The street kids seem to prefer the Caritas homes to those run by other charities where children are locked in. But even those at the Caritas

home in Ardeal village, 65 km north of Bucharest. There, about 25 kids aged seven to 17 are learning skills such as dairy farming, cooking, woodworking—even building their own group homes on land that once belonged to a Communist-era state farm. The number of residents is expected to rise to 300 later this year as 10 new houses are completed. Each house will have a "family unit" of eight children and one adult supervisor. Although some of the farm kids have re-



Street kids warm themselves around a diesel fire; these children are worth saving.

homes frequently run away, preferring the freedom and anonymity of the streets to regular bedtimes and school classes. The brightly painted Caritas dormitory at the Gara de Nord is only open during the day. It provides breakfast and lunch for the children, 112 of whom are regular visitors. It also offers first aid, medical treatment and vaccinations, showers and a change of clothes. Morley tries to find normal work for some of the older boys. The younger children come to the center to play with gag new puzzles or just dose in class. "One of the most important factors at this place is that it is somewhere the younger ones can feel secure," says Morley. "That's important to them." Morley's biggest reward has been seeing some children decide to get off the streets and settle in a group home. "I was director at one for a while and my greatest joy was to walk into the station now and realize I had a lot of children I didn't know, walking into town," says Morley. "Some [children] take little bits of comfort to bring their friends home."

The Caritas Center experiment is a chal-

lenged by the streets at Bucharest, most have settled in. Among them is Alexandru Ionescu, 14, who said that he "was away from an orphanage because I was too smart, too intelligent and without prospects." He added: "The older children helped us all the time." Alexandru is helping to build a house and says that he now looks forward to the future. Another happy resident is Marina Vlad, 12. "Ten years ago, my parents were killed in a car accident and I was put in an orphanage, but I ran away," she said. "Then, in the Bucharest railway station I heard about Caritas and the here I want to learn an occupation."

Alexandru and Mark are the lucky ones. For the thousands of others still living in Bucharest's tunnels, the future is decidedly less bright. Still one old worker at the home. "The problem is that the number of children on the streets is growing and we simply can't absorb them all," Morley comments. "There are crackdolls on former schoolbooks sent their heads after Christmas every year."

"These children are worth saving," he said. "People have forgotten Romania and its children. But they are still here."

LOUISE BRANNON is in Bucharest

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TROUBLE FOR A TRADE DEAL

WILL CANADA PAY THE PRICE FOR CLINTON'S DEAL-MAKING?

For the first time in his 36-year political career, Democratic congressman Benjamin L. Cardin can pick up the phone and get right through to the President of the United States. Members of President Bill Clinton's cabinet also call the bespectacled congressman from Baltimore one or three times a day. Cardin says that, briefly, his only care in receiving priority treatment: When Cardin told the White House in September that a firm in his district, Vista Chemical Company, was worried that the Canadian government might unfairly subsidize the construction of a plant in Montreal by the privately owned Societe paritaire de fluorocarbure du Québec, one of Vista's Canadian competitors, he got immediate action. U.S. Trade Representative Mickey Kantor ordered his staff to "urgently react" to the situation—even though the Societe has made no final decision to build the plant in question, said Cardin. "It's wonderful."

Cardin is suitably powerful because he is one of a dwindling group of Democrats who remain undivided on the proposed North American Free Trade Agreement between Canada, the United States and Mexico. Clinton desperately requires support of NAFTA in its climactic next major hurdle: a vote in the

U.S. House of Representatives scheduled for Nov. 17. Clinton needs 215 votes to get NAFTA through the 435-seat House. But at the end of last week, he was still 41 votes short, with only 62 members of his own party behind him. To win over more Democrats, Clinton was promising to soften the impact of NAFTA with additional provisions in the legislation needed to enact it into U.S. law. But Clinton's whittling and dealing has provoked protest from Canadian business leaders and trade officials. Declared Gordon Ritchie, Canada's deputy chief negotiator during the Canada-U.S. free trade talks that ran in Ottawa trade committee. "What is happening, in effect, 'We'll buy your vote with a Canadian smile.' Which one would you like?" Meanwhile, the new Liberal prime minister, Jean Chrétien, cast another cloud over the deal last week by declaring that he would delay the implementation of the NAFTA legislation, passed by the Conservative-dominated Commons last May, until he is satisfied with the deal. Issued Clinton: "We still have that option."

However, he stopped short of making a firm promise to kill the deal. At his first post-election news conference last week, Clinton said that he could accept the continental trade pact if it addresses the specific concerns listed



in his so-called Red Book of campaign promises. The first two, stronger labor and environmental standards, appear to have been met by separate side deals being worked out by trade negotiators from the three countries in August. Of the other three, Clinton objects to NAFTA provisions that require Canada but not Mexico to guarantee oil and gas exports to the United States even in times of shortage. He said that he also wants to reopen talks on government subsidies and the use of countervailing trade sanctions—negotiations that were called for in the 1980 Canada-U.S. Free Trade Agreement (FTA).

One of the chief concerns surrounding the issue of subsidies is that if NAFTA is enacted, it could supersede the FTA, effectively eliminating a clause that partly constrains Canada and the United States to define what constitutes a subsidy. "If NAFTA was approved, that commitment would be lost," Ritchie said. "It would be an important loss." After the FTA was enacted in 1980, Ottawa set up a committee to regulate the power of subsidies with the United States. But in the end, both sides agreed to postpone a resolution, until the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) actually defined subsidies.

Chrétien apparently plans to wait the year in Congress before taking a stand on such detailed issues. But last week, he said he would raise several key points about NAFTA with Clinton at a bilateral meeting on Nov. 19 during the summit of Pacific Rim country leaders in Seattle. But with Clinton struggling to win support for the Nov. 17 vote in Washington, some analysts say that Chrétien's best stance would be silence. Said Alan Bunnies, a professor of international business with the University of Toronto: "On a strategic level, I think the best thing the Liberals could do right now is just keep their mouths shut for the next three weeks until the vote takes place at Congress."

Still, others argue that Chrétien should continue to complain loudly and publicly about objectionable provisions in the legislation required to enact the agreement into U.S. law in an effort to win over protectionist Democrats and other NAFTA opponents. Said Ritchie: "It is very important for Clinton and us to lay low."

Certainly Clinton is having difficulty rallying support, even though his Democrats held 215 seats in the House. The traditionally pro-business Republican party, which holds 175 seats, is philosophically inclined to back NAFTA, which was spearheaded by Clinton's financial professor, George Bush. But the threat of lost jobs in their districts has made some Republicans more cautious. As a result, despite Republican leader Newt Gingrich of Georgia, few told the White House that he will provide no more than 130 Republican votes for NAFTA. And he insists that the Democrats in leadership must provide an equal number. But the Democrats are under pressure from their industrial supporters in unions to vote against NAFTA. And if Clinton wins in the Democratic-dominated House of Representatives that, congressional say the NAFTA will likely be approved in the Senate, where the Democrats hold 56 seats and the Republicans 44.

With his own party so deeply divided on the issue, Clinton last week was personally telephoning at least three incoming House members like Cardin each day, and holding twice-daily meetings with small groups of undecided congressmen. The White House campaign even includes studying the campaign-contribution lists of anti-NAFTA Democrats and asking donors who support the accord to lobby the congressmen directly. As a result, some members could lose financial

PEARSON DEAL GROUNDED

Jean Chrétien has appointed former Ontario treasurer Robert Noon to review the controversial privatization of Toronto's Pearson International Airport. Noon, who was named Ontario's agent general to Great Britain after serving as deputy premier under Liberal David Peterson, will report his findings within 30 days. The constraints, known as the Pearson Development Corp., has agreed to delay the scheduled date of the privatization from Nov. 1 to Nov. 30 to allow completion of the review.

STEELING FOR ANOTHER BLOW

Duclos Inc. is cutting another 750 employees from its workforce, despite its third-quarter profits of \$64 million. Based out of the Hamilton-based steel company said that the layoffs—in total, 1,200—were prompted by a previously announced corporate restructuring. Voluntary severance and retraining programs did not succeed in trimming the workforce to the 2002 target of 6250, executives said. They also noted that the \$40-million loss was due to a \$42.1 million tax benefit arising from tax credits Duclos acquired when it ended its ownership at Algonia Steel Inc. in 1990. Earnings, net benefit, net profit was \$13.3 million.

HOMES SWEET HOMES

The home construction industry continued to recover in the third quarter of 1993, according to the Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp. (CMHC). Construction of new houses rose 2.8 per cent in 1993,50 units at a seasonally adjusted annual rate in the third quarter. In January, CMHC predicted housing starts of 177,000 for the year it is now predicting 154,000 for the year and another 150,000 for the next year. 153,500. Growth in housing starts are considered to be a key economic indicator reflecting consumer confidence.

ON INVESTMENT ON TRACK

North America is set to link its U.S. subsidiary Central Vermont Railway as part of its plan to sell, share or otherwise hold its 14,000-km network east of Winnipeg by 1995. The \$20-km Central Vermont, with annual revenue of \$35 million and 161 employees, is a seasonally profitable line between the U.S. Canadian border towns of Montreal and New London, Conn. Major shareholders by CR in Ontario are also on the horizon.



Kashner, wheeling and dealing to win support for NAFTA before the Nov. 17 vote in Congress

looking ahead, year if they vote against NAFTA.

Clinton is also using some questionable rhetoric to argue in favor of the deal. Last week, in overalls with Congressmen, he suggested that Japan, America's favorite trade villain, may negotiate its own trade deal with Mexico if Congress delays NAFTA. "Then we would have to deal with the profits coming through the back door from Mexico," he warned. Senators Nader, co-writer of the House's Washington embassy, threatened that allegation as "absolutely ridiculous." Other U.S. economists agreed that Clinton's assertion is groundless, and that he was clearly trying to tap into widespread resentment of Japan in Congress.

Clinton is using threats to win allies for the deal

On another front, Clinton is raising the spectre of borders of illegal Mexican immigrants crossing the Rio Grande into Texas, California and other states if NAFTA is delayed. Clinton has warned repeatedly that the delay of NAFTA will be the "terribly bad news" for the Mexican economy, and will increase the pressure on unemployed Mexicans to move north. But this particular scare does not seem to be working. A poll published by *The Wall Street Journal* on Sept. 13 reported that just 39 percent of Americans agree that "immigration problems would be created in Mexico" by a delay of the deal. As well, 59 percent said that immigration from Mexico will stay about the same if NAFTA is delayed.

The threats articulated by the White House are also backed off by promises. On Oct. 25, government officials told reporters at a briefing that the administration will review NAFTA

in three years to assess its impact on U.S. jobs, the environment and immigration. At the same time, a bill in the House of Representatives from a group of pro-environmental states, for instance, Clinton promised on Oct. 15 to consider putting trade quotas on Canadian dairy products, used to make pasta. A group of eight senators and 22 House members, led by Senator Max Baucus of Montana and Representative Jim Johnson of South Dakota, have complained to the President that Canadian farmers benefit from government transportation subsidies that enable them to out-pace the U.S. product.

Josephine Veronesi, a research analyst with the Canadian-American commerce center at the national press association, says that Clinton's promise "is just Washington politics." But Ottawa loudly denies there is any other subsidy on durum wheat and the same could develop into the new Liberal government's first quarrel with the White House.

Even Canadian business leaders, who have been strong supporters of NAFTA, are becoming alarmed by Clinton's promises to congressmen. Last week, Thomas Aquino, president of the Business Council on National Issues, said that several technical problems in Clinton's legislation including a promise to allow U.S. courts to review, and possibly overturn, verdicts by national trade dispute arbitrators, could set up another FTA, would open the door for American contract trade harassment.

Other analysts say that Canadian busi-

nessmen will shed few tears if Congress votes down Clinton's NAFTA legislation. Ottawa entered into the three-year trade talks in 1980 largely for defensive reasons—fearing that Mexico might secure better access to U.S. markets than Canada had under the FTA. But even if NAFTA is defeated, Canadian exporters would still have guaranteed access under the Canada-U.S. agreement. As a result, Bache noted first, "You could easily fit in a phone booth the number of Canadian business leaders who support the U.S. implementing legislation as it now stands."

Mexican officials and business leaders, however, are still hungry for NAFTA at almost any price. And in the final few days before the vote, Clinton is courting Mexican President Carlos Salinas to make further concessions to help him sell the deal in Congress. Last week, Clinton was conducting talks with Salinas about concessions that Mexico might make to approve U.S. sugar producers. Congressmen Dan Rostenkowski, the Illinois Democrat who chairs the House ways and means committee, last week pulled representatives from sugar industry states, and told the White House that promises from Salinas to cut cane-sugar imports to the United States could ensure another 17 votes, most of them from Democrats.

In the United States, anti-NAFTA forces remain confident and are at least as active and aggressive as the President. In St. Louis, the Catholic archdiocese's commitment on human rights condemned NAFTA, saying the deal would reflect the "Gospel teachings of the primacy of love, the call to justice and human unity." One union group, United We Stand, urged voters' supporters to either a series of rallies in California last month. Other labor leaders warn that NAFTA could make Mexico the dominant power because more for North America and that it could cost tens of thousands of jobs. David Satz, a lobbyist for the AFL-CIO, which is leading the union movement's fight against NAFTA, said that, "We have got to use a high campaign in the markets signaling a vote shift. There is a lot of talk about debt, but we don't see the results."

Despite Clinton's full-court press in Congress, even White House officials recorded last week that he was still short of the votes he needs. "We need a new tactic to bring in about 30 more Democratic votes in the House," one official told *McGraw-Hill*. But he said a few days remaining until the vote. Congress appeared to have low options left other than crossing his fingers.

WILLIAM LOWMYER is in Washington with JENNIFER DUNCAN in Toronto.

Will the 21st century belong to Jean Chrétien?

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Political mavericks love improvisation. Jean Chrétien decided to remain in office until he had the chance to lead Canada's 100th birthday celebrations. Pierre Trudeau wanted to be certain he stayed long enough to tip Sir Wilfrid Laurier's new office. Brian Mulroney made sure he reached the 10th anniversary of party leader before quitting. Jean Chrétien has confided to friends that he intends to stay in office for long enough to be Prime Minister at the millennium, seven years from now, so that he can watch Canada into the 21st century.

That doesn't make two conditions that Chrétien puts himself in—of which, and that there still exists a united country to lead into the next century. Neither a given.

Despite the new PPS's determination to place economic policies at the head of its parade, the constitutional crisis is kicking. Quebec's Liberal party, due to hold its leadership convention at the end of January, the new premier, who will almost certainly be Daniel Johnson, will want a mandate of his own. That could mean the provincial election, which may be held by the end of 1994, or as early as May of next year. And if that date is set by Jacques Parizeau's Parti Québécois, he will start the province on the road to independence, with the Quebec referendum already promised for May, 1995.

One result of this tight schedule is that, whether they like it or not, Canadians will yet again find themselves having to deal with a national unity crisis. Ultimately, the debate will be directly between the Chrétien government and Quebec's separatists. There will be no middle ground for compromise. Unlike the Meech and Charlottetown rounds, this time there will only be a choice between federalism and independence. Quebec's next referendum will be a choice between staying in Canada or leaving. Not in a constitutional, but in a political sense. It is a choice that he could become an elected leader of any future Quebec empire. All through his campaign, Bocharov was able to hide behind

'One of Chrétien's greatest assets is that the media have set up very low expectations that he will have little trouble exceeding'

considered a noble option, no longer on the table.

One of the determining factors in the next year's debate will be Chrétien's credibility vis-à-vis Quebec, which has never been very high. It was fortunate that he was his own test, which is a major test. In September, he was elected to the House of Commons.

Because Laurier's leadership campaign was based on his wanting to take Quebec out of Confederation on its grounds that the Canadian economy doesn't work any more, it has become even more vital that Chrétien remain currently sluggish economic indicators. At the moment, the U.S. economy seems to be experiencing a significant recession and we are certain to be in a recession, but (not) in everything.

Some senior Liberal strategists are pleased with the option of Bocharov becoming Opposition leader because it may force him to involve himself and his party in a wide variety of issues. That just might get him tired of the country or, more likely, reveal to his own supporters, what would mean he really has, and how questionable a threat it is that he could become an elected leader of any future Quebec empire. All through his campaign, Bocharov was able to hide behind

his ownism that Quebec had been treated and that the only way to right that wrong is to declare independence. Since even in the accelerated timetable outlined above, the Quebec independence vote wouldn't take place for another 18 months, that would be long enough for Bocharov to be revealed for what he is: the John-o-once-of-Canada's constitutional square dance. That impression is sure to be strengthened by the contrast with the above Opposition leader, Premier Manning, who will be promoting strong words of faith as every issue that comes up. The newly elected Conservatives should be a great playground for the Reform party leader because he can keep pressing his simplistic and superficially sensible ideas without the risk of having to test them.

One of the most interesting puzzles left behind by this election is the role of the Senate. The Tories got just 15 per cent of the national vote and won only two seats, but they still control the Senate, with 38 seats out of 104. How much real power the Conservatives possess remains a puzzle. With their party no longer qualifying as a political entity in Parliament, how seriously can they oppose Liberal legislation?

The other puzzle is the future of the Conservative party—there is one. Tony Springer is not alone. The fact that their party didn't win the necessary 10 seats in western Canada and Quebec means that in Western Canada, at least, other people will begin to measure the Reform party as a possible future expression of their political aspirations. Chaired out of the Atlantic provinces and Quebec, the Conservatives may choose of rebuilding a new house here in Ontario. It is then a matter of whether the Conservatives will be too cowardly to do so, or whether they will be too cowardly to do so. That they need a new political leader. (That that election, a measure of 30 Ontario seats was the party's "birth.")

"One of Jean Chrétien's greatest assets," says B. C. Senator Jack Austin, one of the Liberal's strongest critics, is that he has been in but he has been always been under the media have set up very low expectations that he will have little trouble exceeding. That fact that he is Pierre Trudeau is not necessarily to his disadvantage because the country needs a very different kind of leader at this stage. What Chrétien has done is to keep that fact very difficult to doubt because he's a decent, honorable guy. He's not radical, he's clever, he's a connoisseur, he's very much in touch with the Canadian mood."

That's probably an accurate reading of the new Prime Minister's character. But the social question is whether he can live up to the challenge of this red hot moment in Canadian history. Will Jean Chrétien have the acrobatic skills to stabilize the country politically and constitutionally, while reining in economic confidence, reducing employment opportunities and not allowing a constitutional crisis to erupt?

If he can do all that, he can take a long way Dec. 31, 1990 and we'll all wish him a Happy New Century.



It's up at
The Saskin
in Toronto
more than
just cowbells

Down-home
music has gone
up-tempo and
uptown, winning
over a new
urban audience

BY MARY NEMETH

The muffled sound of country music drifts up from the basement of a discount shopping mall in Quebec City's lower town. It emanates from what was once a bar-loud restaurant—until amplifiers and wagner-walt light fixtures were installed three years ago. Here, the Les Trois Trois Country is a home for fine country. Local singer Debbie D'Amico and her country band are playing for the Saturday-night crowd of 200. On the dance floor, about 30 people in two hours sump down kilt, adobe and pinwheel in rotation. Scores of other men and women watch from the colorful-style tables, applauding wildly for each song. "It's a little with a group of her women friends who all yearned widow Jennifer Blomhette, who goes to the Bar Les Blues line or five times a week. "On her on the dance floor is a real woman." Blomhette says in French. "I'm in better shape now than I was when I was 45." But the crowd has come for more than just cowbells. "I like to listen to country and western music," says Rosalind Dumas, a 41-year-old hair-dresser. "I understand only a few words in the English songs, but you don't really need to understand because the music does."

From a used to come, country music is speaking the language of the Canadian mainstream. A decade after the last patriarchal bulls of the urban-cowboy craze were put out to pasture, city slickers are getting all geared up again as their blue jeans and fancy belt buckles, tapping the ties of their cowboy boots to the country sound. It is not that city-dwelling artists like Buck Owens and Loretta Lynn have suddenly won over a vast new audience. Instead, a generation of "new country" performers has skewed the genre, dragging the twang and steeling up the beat. And to an urban audience that has long associated country with grizzled guitar pickers, the current stars have an aura of youth and sensuality—a phenomenon accurate to 35-year-old Garth Brooks. He has sold 30 million albums in the United

States in the past four years, more than any other artist in any genre during that period (page 41). Overall U.S. sales of country albums hit \$1.4 billion last year, according to the Recording Industry Association of America. Although rock and so-called urban contemporary records enjoyed bigger sales, country is the fastest growing category to both the United States and Canada.

The biggest country star to have emerged here, Alberta-born k.d. lang, abandoned the genre with last year's *Lovergirl*. But she takes a trip back to her old stomping grounds in the new soundtrack collection *Don't Forget the Lines*. Michelle Wright, meanwhile, is coming to grips with her recent country sound (page 62). Charlie Marie, Cassandra Visak, Shamus Twiss, George Fox and Patricia Cennoy are also gaining ground both at home and abroad nationally. "It's pretty obvious that country music is becoming the pop music of the 1990s," Conroy said in an interview. "Everyone is looking for a place to hang their musical hats, and it looks like it's country. What country is doing now is becoming a melting pot of a lot of melodic music, something with a beat you can dance to and words you can sing along with—the words mean something."

With the current country cross, a number of stars of the Canadian scene are enjoying renewed popularity. Jan Tyson, a folk star in the 1960s who now sings cowboy music, enjoyed domestic sales of nearly 500,000 copies of his latest album, *And Shod These Animals* (1992). Toronto-based Prairie Oyster, formed in the 1970s, broke up, reconstituted in 1982 and was inducted into 1986 as best country group. But only recently has the group won popular acclaim—in latest album *Everybody Knows*, sold more than 100,000 copies in Canada.

Barclay, a 25-year-old student at Lakeland College in Vermilion, Alta., where he rides on the rodeo team. "When I go over, I give up. We were all rock fans but now everyone is swinging to country."

That swing is reflected on radio and TV. In the United States, according to the New York City-based Simmons Market Research Bureau, country radio reached more adults last year than did any other format—47 million weekly listeners, up from 30 million in 1988. The CBS network is a few steps behind. The network is considering a country music television channel—the United States already has two networks. And the number of all-time country radio stations in Canada has increased to 95 in 1993, up from about 65 in 1986. The most dramatic radio debut has been that of C103 FM, which, backed by a major publicity campaign, went on air last January in Toronto, a city long considered one of Canada's most country-friendly markets. Last June's 10th radio survey—the first since C103-FM's arrival—ranked it an astonishing number 3 among Toronto's 17 stations with 770,000 listeners. A later survey found that more than C103's portion of the total market had listened slightly, to share of the coveted baby boom market had grown.

C103's on-air show hosts Cliff Dennis and Jane Brown were at the station before midnight one day last week, ending the news and weather and morning phone calls about the *Lifestyl* evening variety—about Blue Jay Field Stationer's derby language in the World Series victory parade. "It's a little unruly but," says Dennis. Between songs, the duo also announced local events for children, as they do every morning. It was all at home with the station's efforts to capture on the radio boom continue to new country, which Dennis calls the "family music of the 1990s."

Over lunch at a nearby restaurant, Doug Pringle offers an elaborate explanation for the station's success. Pringle is director of programming for Radio, the Calgary-based company that owns C103 and 10 other non-country stations across Canada. He argues that new country is the hottest here in Edmonton. He says Bob Dylan folk rockers of the late 1960s and the Beatles and other country rock bands of the 1970s.

The only thing that has been behind new country rock, says Pringle, is old country—the good old boys of the TV show *Hill*.

The five men, one-woman band was working last week at a rehearsal space called the Fun Factory, once an actual plant for making gun in industrial suburb of Toronto. Graffiti, most of it to print, covers the walls, and wires and equipment clutter the room as Prairie Oyster prepares a new hour for an upcoming album—an update of *Love, Love*. "You know I love country music," says Pringle. "I love it," says the refrain. Prairie Oyster, as it is, has much to be proud about. "There's a couple of years ago," says Rosalind deCarle, the band's 45-year-old lead vocalist. "We'd go play in bars that would be half full. Now it's kind of amazing we. We drop into a place and are the parking lot full and you wonder what's going on?" In there is a lucky game, just itself. But they're actually there as well as.

Prairie Oyster is riding high on a country boom that is driven not only by a new wave of artists, but by demographics as well. While classic rock fans and aging baby boomers feel abandoned by modern pop music, Seattle-based grunge rock and the urban rap sound are "too hard edged for me," says Don Curtis, the 55-year-old co-owner of a Toronto advertising agency. "I'm from the Elvis era. And in the 1960s, I was into things like the Beatles and Chicago. So it's a logical sort of flow." Although he always liked country music, Curtis really likes to it strongly with the last couple of years. Now, says Curtis, I go out country live during a couple of times a week. That's a younger crowd has been turned on, too. "I grew up in high school listening to rock," says Don

the southern U.S. twang and the redneck culture it represented. "While Janis Joplin was fighting for the emancipation of women," he adds, "Tammy Wynette was singing *Stand By Your Man*. It was totally out of step with what was going on in the world." In order to attract the old rockers, Pringle says, C103 had to distance itself from that baby boomers' music. "I don't want to be a 'country' station," says Pringle. "We're very market specific. Most of the people who listen to us work in office buildings, not on farms. Perhaps we're even overly sensitive now—but we purposely keep all the radio things that sound like the old, stereotypical New Wave stuff."

Not everyone is thrilled with the new C103 format. Dennis has complained that much of the music it plays is not real country. In fact, the station often features the Eagles and occasionally even songs by such mainstream pop acts as Rod Stewart and the Honeydew Ladies. He concerns about C103 go far beyond the form of a single station to a growing schism between old and new country—between the hard-wearing jumpers now crowding western bars and longtime barroomers like Larry Delaney. The 55-year-old entrepreneur of the Ottawa-based Country Arms Arms Delaney complains that "a lot of the country stars who actually opened the doors for the popularity that country now enjoys are being squeezed by radio." The 1990s, he says, "Tammy Wynette's kind of not get played any more." That, he claims, is "the real danger with the boom in country music." It's a paradoxical

at heart. I enjoy the contemporary sound of country music, but not at the expense of tradition."

If all country is under assault in Toronto and elsewhere, it has found a haven in a house in near Blue Boxes, N.S. Inside is a cozy, candle-lit room that serves as both a studio for session artist Gordon Duff Baker, 36, and a shrine to his old friend Clarence Sigurd. Baker, who grew up in a small town in Nova Scotia, has two daughters, Amy, 24, and a daughter-in-law, Kristin, 26, who live with him. "I grew up in a small town in Nova Scotia, and I was a fan of country music from a very young age," says Baker. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age, and I was a fan of country music from a very young age."

The current stars have an aura of youth and sexuality



Country with a juke at Chaparral? It's nothing put up a list of cowboy music, something with a beat you can dance to

Little chance of that. Country music has never really been a part of life in Nova Scotia, but Baker and Gordon Baker grew up on the province's south shore, and both found their first taste of country on a West Virginia tour. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age," says Baker. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age, and I was a fan of country music from a very young age."

Even for people who can't play a lick, there is always country. Barb Weathers, who lives in a house in near Blue Boxes, N.S., is a fan of country music. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age," says Baker. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age, and I was a fan of country music from a very young age."

son, purchased it in 1993. He introduced her to the music of the early 1950s, and she became a fan. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age," says Baker. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age, and I was a fan of country music from a very young age."

Thompson finally remembers the incident of 1966. With the release of the movie *Drive-Ins*, starring John Travolta, she sold 100,000 copies in her three months—more than the store had sold in the previous five years. The latest round of country stars has given sales yet another boost. The store displays posters and posters of many of the top acts: Randy Travis, Alan Jackson, Dwight Yoakam, Travis Tritt, and, of course, Garth Brooks. There is even a rack of black-and-white shirts just like the one Brooks wore on the cover of his album *The Chase*. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age," says Baker. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age, and I was a fan of country music from a very young age."

Kind country, of course, has been a staple of the store since its opening. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age," says Baker. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age, and I was a fan of country music from a very young age."

Home—"It's a certain look they want when they go out." Cowboy boots are important, too, quality felt shoes that can cost upwards of \$200, or show ones. But many cowboys are actually in wear that is expensive. "Of course, most of the people who pack the following are in the city," says Baker. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age, and I was a fan of country music from a very young age."

On the dance floor, many are in the mood for a good time. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age," says Baker. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age, and I was a fan of country music from a very young age."

A MEGASTAR WITH THE COMMON TOUCH

In the summer, when promoters announced a Canadian tour for country megastar Garth Brooks, the lineup did not include Edmonton. Hundreds of fans had registered their disappointment with radio stations and newspapers. Finally, they succeeded in getting the 30-year-old singer to come. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age," says Baker. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age, and I was a fan of country music from a very young age."

Brooks, who is 30, is a Canadian native. He was born in the small town of Plainville, Conn., and moved to Canada in 1980. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age," says Baker. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age, and I was a fan of country music from a very young age."

Brooks is a fan of country music. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age," says Baker. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age, and I was a fan of country music from a very young age."

That down-to-earth quality was a big draw for fans in Edmonton. Brooks did not disappoint. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age," says Baker. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age, and I was a fan of country music from a very young age."

DAVID TURNER WITH JOHN HOWSE in Edmonton

She was playing last week in Princeton, N.J., at the south end of Lake Champlain. The outdoorsy look and ketchup-colored Chaparral's Country Inn Club sponsored a country-themed appearance in large purple letters. Inside the 300-seat venue, the night was a success. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age," says Baker. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age, and I was a fan of country music from a very young age."

Among the couples dancing around the Chaparral's pool, there were a few couples who were not. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age," says Baker. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age, and I was a fan of country music from a very young age."

It is in the love of the music that keeps a lot of country artists going as they soldier on far from the glow of city lights. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age," says Baker. "I was a fan of country music from a very young age, and I was a fan of country music from a very young age."



Bar Baker, Hirtle, and Linda La Baker paying tribute to Hank Snow, a Nova Scotia native who became a music legend

from Drummondville, Que., has 19 French-language country albums in his credit and says that he sells a respectable 20,000 to 40,000 albums a year. He finds his love between recording at home and traveling to small towns in Quebec, Northern Ontario and the Maritimes. "I don't have a lot of shows," says Hirtle, but there are a few and many from Montreal who follow him to all his shows, he noted proudly, while another couple plays their vintage record collection.

Still, the traveling can get tiring. "I remember one time last winter," said Hirtle, "the band and I were traveling to a show in the town of Nadeau in Northern Quebec. We were lost for a big snowstorm, traveling down little back roads, trying to find our way. I had no trouble finding the houses we were going to, but before a show in New Brunswick, Ont., 250 km north of North Bay, there was a snow and weather from Montreal who follow him to all his shows, he noted proudly, while another couple plays their vintage record collection."

With Ron DeWitt in New Brunswick, GOSWICK, McNEILLY in Calgary, BERTLEY, WOOD in Princeton, NEWARK, DUFFY, DENTON in Toronto, JORDAN, MACLELLAN in St. John's, and WOOD in Quebec City.

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Michelle Wright remembers how she first hit the road, crammed into a Ford Econoline van with a bunch of guys she barely knew, feeding the sound equipment pressed up against the back of her seat. She toured America from one country bar to another, the kind of bars that did not hire bands unless they had a female singer. She was the singer a 16-year-old farm girl from Clarkson, Ga., who left in the summer of 1983 and never looked back. She married bad boyfriends, had hangovers and bad hair. And by the end of the decade, she had gone through a lot of men and a lot of drink. When that would not start and drummer who did not know when to stop. There were times when it seemed her career would never get on track. She had first churning tour bus, which she left for dead somewhere in Texas. But for Wright, the road is not what it used to be. Now, Canada's hottest country music star at the age of 33, she is finally getting pretty and riding high.

At 13 was on a dirty dancing in Nashville. Tennessee, she is chasing through America's country music capital as a white starlet. Immense. She has a full day ahead of her. By the time it is over, she will have dealt with the carpenter and upholsterer who are custom-building her luxurious new tour bus, a boardroom full of adoring record company executives. Her Nashville-based manager, Justin, is a big fashion designer, a personal manager, a constant, a makeup artist, a photographer, a journalist and a hardworker to the stars who follows behind her. And in his new Jaguar convertible.

Wright is being promoted for the long term. Following in the cowboy boot steps of Alan Murray and K.D. Lang, she is Canada's new queen of country music. Her third album, *New and True*, is approaching the double-platinum mark with sales of nearly 200,000 in Canada. The album's hit single, *Take It Like A Man*, reached to the top of the Canadian charts last year and cracked the Top 30 in the United States. Meanwhile, the song's video, a sultry seduction number, rose to number 1 in America, sealing Wright's celebrity status. She has also won 33 awards—most recently one from the American Academy of Country Music naming her best new female vocalist. Now, as she prepares to record her fourth album, all the nominations are in place for the big breakthrough. Says her manager, Brian Forman: "We're going to make a significant leap here if we can deliver the right record."

The calculations that go into catapulting such success seem to betray the simple, homespun spirit of track-down music. But country has changed. It has become slick, sophisticated and urban, with its biggest audience in women. And Wright, with her sexy, intense and colorful stage sparkle, is right on the money.

Her music is the twangy country, cut with knowing references of rhythm and blues. She has a husky strident-croon voice, a sassy tilt that seems to leave what it wants, sliding into the coun-



The Wright stuff

try rockers and cranking up to the twangy ballads. She does not write her own songs—not yet—but she makes them her own. And they strike a beautiful balance between yearning for romance and recovery tunes.

Wright's life, meanwhile, has unfolded like a series of country-song clichés: born to a teenage mother who sang in a band, saw her parents split up before she was two years old, left her highschool sweetheart to be the road, then hit the bustle after falling for a guitar player who abused and betrayed her. She dates her recovery from a September night in 1987, when she saw it all hang perfect at an awards show in Vancouver. "They saw and then in my career a light goes on," says Wright, "and a hold went on that night. I said, 'She knows what she is and what she's got, and somehow I'm going to find that.' She was the biggest influence in my career." Around that time, she went on a night tour. Wright woke up with her last hangover. She went into a first career program and gave up drinking. "I believe I had a spiritual healing," she says. "I don't really mind what I eat, but I feel I've turned my life over to the power of God."

She found her future in a Disney program, and her career took off.



At September's Canadian Country Music Awards, poised for an American breakthrough

The big break came in 1988 when Tim DeBaux, the president of America's Nashville label, caught Wright's act at a Toronto club. "He said, 'Would you like to have a record deal?'" she recalls, mimicking a southern drawl. "Go on, girl!" Two years later, Wright moved to Nashville, where she now owns a house in the suburbs.

As the line-dancer made a career, Wright points out the wisdom in a cheap motel called the Shoney Inn, a dog station for the crooners and stragglers who flock to Nashville to seek their fortune. "We stayed here more times than I can remember," she says. "When I first came here I went to the third of June and all the stars, and I was just about being part of this business. I

still get a big buzz when I get in my car and drive to the office."

The office belongs to the Savannah Music Group, a management company set up by Forman. A 40-year-old former musician from London, Ont., he has been guiding Wright's career for eight years, sitting across from her in the lounge, Forman is tall (six feet, five inches) and rugged with an earnest manner and a justly, back-toothed smile. But beneath the facade is a shrewd businessman who seems bent to dispel country music's parochial trappings once and for all. Driving through Music Row, the neighborhood where Nashville's record industry offices are crisscrossed in residential-style cottages, Forman points out two steel and concrete hulks under construction—new country headquarters for Warner Bros. and MCA. In North America, country music has grown into a \$3-billion industry, and Forman (who was doing business in Hong Kong last week) seems eager to take it to the world. Wright looks visibly on the window. "This street's got such character," she says. "I hope they don't ruin it."

The Innkeeper's first stop is the bus company that is custom-building Wright's new tour vehicle, with her initials scrawled in neatly letters on the door. First, she visits her old bus. It is a cozy abode, with a TV lounge up front, a mezzanine above the middle for the band and crew and a bedroom in back for her and her boyfriend, the band's 32-year-old bass player, Joel Kane. The bedroom has its own VCR, stereo and fridge. Wright manages to find in a tackle box of car parts and parts in a fresh part.

The new bus is a work in progress. Inside, it is just a plywood shell. Wright breaks through to the back, to the eight by eight-foot bedroom that she will share with Kane.

"I've got a big closet here. I've got a little bed here. I've got a little table."

"We can do a night table," says the carpenter.

"And I need a place to put the kitty box," Wright tucks with two cats, Marge and Homer.

"We can actually build a kitty box to match."

As the construction turns to shelves and lighting valves, Wright stares at the fridge and wonders about getting rid of it to make room. But first she calls Kane on the cell phone. Kane, who still drives a truck, says he'll be the fridge. Before leaving the bus, Wright takes a look at the lounge area. Could there be headspace jacks above the seats, so band members can watch TV without keeping others awake? The carpenter makes a note of it.

Wright and her release move on to the garage, where they take a peek inside a luxury bus owned by country star Barbara Mandrell. It looks like a Las Vegas hotel suite, all chrome and mirrors and

white walls, with a spacious bath room that has a shower. Wright makes a beeline for the bedrooms, where she finds the perfect night table, with retractable drink holders. She tops down on the fold-out bed. "This is exactly the bed I want," she says.

In the plywood department, Wright settles through fabric swatches and approves the color scheme. Variations on dusty rose and wedgewood blue. Teal-green leather for the lounge chairs up front. "That's not too girly," she says, in a tone of mock skepticism. "This guy won't want to feel like he's in a girl's bar."

Ferriman checks his watch. Time to leave for the record company. There, a group of 30 A-list staff—all young women—are waiting in the boardroom. When Wright walks in, they greet her with a collective shriek of "Star-prime!" and give her a big phone mounted with a lot of her awards engraved on brass. No one notices that "wooden" is spelled "wooden." As Wright delivers a thank-you speech, then thanks her sponsors. They all around.

Next stop a backstage office by Miami Cayen, the celebrated designer of western clothing whose clients have included Dolly Parton, Dwight Yoakam, Luchita Rosendo, Johnny Cash—and such rockers as John Lennon and Keith Richards. He is the A-list of rhinestone-country chic. And Wright owns 16 of his glitzy blazer jackets, which fit her almost 100 each. Cayen greets her warmly and has her try on a few of his new designs. She is crazy about them, but any decisions must be approved by her music assistant, Joan Lacey.

Wright meets up with Lacey at another designer clothing store. A former fashion coordinator for *Bluegrass* who now commutes between New York City and Nashville, she is a decidedly urban woman, dressed all in black with a three-tiered collar of costume jewelry at her neck. Lacey hand her four years ago to approve Wright's look. Lacey recalls that when she first met the singer "she had on this horrible white cotton skirt and white plastic boots." Lacey ruled right away that the hair—bleed and bag with extensions—had to go. "Michelle is no prissy and bubbly," Lacey explains. "That's why I cut her hair off. She is so extremely conscious. There's a theme that runs through everything she wears."

The theme appears to be crisp, tailored and sexy. Documented but demure. Franchise with a hint of androgyny. Costume she wears black or silk, bustiers, ladder jackets and cowboy boots (purchased by a boat sponsor)—an image of control with a sprinkling of sexiness.

Wright's new look was coincidently noticed in *Vivid*, a town that is practically held together by hair spray. When full-fledged went there to record in 1987, the city's conservative music establishment leveled at her look. Southwestern style. Wright is no long, but her short hair and bustiers were controversial for a female country singer. "People here said can the way I looked would offend women," she says. "But women really love it. They're used to Joan Jackson and Madonna."

For Ferriman, meanwhile, the Wright image conforms to an international marketing plan. "That progressive look is so important in the rest of the world, where country music isn't as big as it is here," where her look. Southwestern style. Wright is no long, but her short hair and bustiers were controversial for a female country singer. "People here said can the way I looked would offend women," she says. "But women really love it. They're used to Joan Jackson and Madonna."

Planning her act
has a smoke-carved
voice that bites into raucous
and comes up to ballads

she stopped eating red meat and lost 13 lb. But she still smokes—some years are more smokers than others—and up close, her face shows faint traces of all these years on the road. But it is so attractive face, with sunny eyes, a strong jawline and a mouth that leads up at the corners into a constant smile.

Wright wears her glamour well. At the end of the day, however, as the limousine takes her home at 7:30 p.m., the actress relaxed to still into domestic mode, throwing on a T-shirt and trading her cowboy boots for a pair of fluffy slippers. She loves working around the house—painting, wallpapering, sewing, gardening. According to one of Ferriman's staff: "If she has to come to pick her up at 10:30 p.m., she'll be out there with a flashlight, digging in her garden." The house is a modest suburban bungalow. She has decorated it with fellow gift shop buy-alikes, including a set of framed pictures that she picked up at Kmart. In the den, Wright sits on the couch in front of a huge, lake-size fireplace and talks about how she got to Nashville.

Country music runs in the family. Her mother and father both played in part-time country bands. Born in Canada, Tim, Michelle is the second of three children (raised by Maura Wright, a daughter of Irish parents who now works as a Suburban real estate agent. Michelle's father, Jack Martin, was a church member of Irish, Indian and French descent. Maura had four first child, Steve, when she was 16 and Michelle just a year later. After divorcing Martin, Maura married Doug Wright, a farmer and carpenter, and moved her family from Chatham to the nearby farm community of Berlin. Michelle was 11.

On her, Wright learned the value of hard work. "I always felt we were accomplishing a lot," she says. "When you're having a field and you've got control of those acres, you would back at the end of the day and realize what you've done." Meanwhile, she learned to country stations and Detroit Motown on the tractor radio. And she learned to play music with her brother—now a Suburban auto-body mechanic—in a garage full of instruments and amplifiers owned by her mother. "We

television interviews," says Wright, cherishing herself in the mirror.

She is also now, carrying just 225 lb. on her five-foot, six-inch frame. During the past six months

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figured out how to work everything," says Wright, "and we'd play *Starring in Vienna* and *Stella* and *Me and Daddy McGee* until the cows come home—literally."

Like her mother, who had her own band, Wright found work singing with a local country group on weekends. During her first year at Fanshawe College in London, Ont., where she studied counseling for the mentally handicapped, she got her first break. One weekend her boyfriend begged her to go to a party with him instead of going to her job. She went to the gig. "And in this little bar in the middle of nowhere," she recalls, "there was an American looking agent in the audience."

He paid Wright \$500 a week to sing with a band touring bars in the United States. "I thought I'd do it for a summer," says the singer. "But once I got out there, it was a whole life change for me. I'd been dating the same fella for seven years, and we were going to have a first and middle down."

They broke up soon after she hit the road, where life was anything but artistic. At the age of 23, she left for the elusive, philosophizing music glory. "I was very confused and he was," she says. "He would have others when we were on the road. And every time I dressed up kind of sexy, he would make me change. I wasn't even allowed to wear old pajamas." The relationship ended after a year. Wright drank, gained weight and became abusive herself—"I'd feel like slapping someone around, I didn't think twice about it."

But in 1991, the singer entered a treatment center in North Bay, Ont., and emerged a new woman. Then, on a November day in Keweenaw, Ont.—after four years of "singing pretty much in singlets"—she found herself on a tandemboat with her bass player. "Joel and I were just sitting

there," she recalls, "and he said, 'I find myself caring more about you than I probably should.' We went back to the hotel room, and I said, 'Listen, I've been through it, man. And I'm not going through it any more. I need to know that you're going to be faithful. And I discovered he was quite a gentleman and didn't have any other girls on his bedpost.'"

A steady drummer was even harder to find than a steady boyfriend. She has gone through 18 of them—four during one especially trying month in Saskatchewan. One quit three hours before her band was set to record a live radio show in Weyburn. She drafted a local farmer's son that night, then flew to a new drummer from Edmonton. She fired him after learning he was drinking beer on stage.

A week later she hired a replacement in Prince Albert. "He was a good little drummer," says Wright, "but he came up to me and said, 'I'm a good looking guy, you're a good looking girl, it's bound to happen.' I said, 'Jordan, no, get outta my face!—the little sleazeball.' Then there was the drummer with the nose. "He kept pinching it on this slow ball and I said, 'If you going that thing one more time, you're fired.' He came out from behind those drums and I drove off. I had to run all the stages—this is no truck of a crowd. I sat behind the bar and the bouncers had to protect me from the gyp."

Hardship, however, strengthened Wright's resolve to succeed. "Sometimes, if there were five people at the bar, I'd visualize that there were 5,000," she says, "I believe very strongly in visualization. I would send my own bus. I visualized the stages with the audiences and the clothes. I always believed that I had too much passion for the music not to accomplish something with it."

Wright's resilience finds an echo in her songs, even when she has

Her life has unfolded like a series of country clichés



With her boyfriend, Kasey: "I always believed that I had too much passion for the music not to accomplish something with it."

not written them. In *Tell a Lie a Man*, she sings with very skepticism about meeting the wrong Mr. Right—"I might never have known/I'd a friend hadn't brought it to my attention/He's got a wife he forgot to mention."

And in *He Would Be Stutter* she delivers a stinging lesson about a toady who had to give up her child for adoption. In separate Wright says, "I've received incredible letters, letters that have brought me to tears more times than I can tell you." But the song provoked hostility in the conservative South. "Doing a song about teenage pregnancy," Wright adds, "is very unusual in country music."

The singer's next challenge is to create her own material. "I haven't made that great country record yet," she says, "and I want to have my songwriting on it." Recently she holed up in Los Angeles to compare songs with Eric Kaz, who has written for Linda Ronstadt and Michael Bolton. And her next album will be produced by Val Garay, a veteran of 30 gold albums who has worked with Kenny Rogers and Dolly Parton—and recorded the 20-million-selling *Belle Delta Eyes* for Kim Carnes.

Just how long does Wright want to be? "I guess I want to be pretty famous," she says, "although I know there's a price to pay. I want to be a millionaire. I want to be able to take care of my family, my mother, my brother and my sister." In fact, her sister Lori, 31, now tours with her as an assistant. Wright would also like children of her own. And she dreams of a bus, one like Barbara Mandrell's that would be big enough for kids and a nanny. For now, however, she seems happy with what she has. "Disappearing one bus, that's no good," she says. "And the little headbasher picks for the guys—things like that make life a little easier." For Michelle Wright, the ride is smoother now. She is holding her own in the middle of the road, heading for the big country life.

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Cashing in on tragedy

An American TV show broadcasts details of two hideous murders

They are home videos, seemingly unremarkable. There is a smiling teenage girl standing in front of the family Christmas tree. There is an older teen, tall and graceful, gliding across the ice on her figure skates. But the girls happen to be sister Louise Mahaffy and Krista French, and the images appear last week in a Canadian-made segment of the tabloid television show *A Current Affair* this draft with their heinous murders. The show included information covered by the publication, but that a judge imposed last July before sentencing 23-year-old Krista Mahaffy of St. Catharines, Ont., to 10 years in prison for her role in the sex slayings. The law was designed to ensure that her estranged husband Phil Teale, 35, receives a trial on two charges of first-degree murder. The New York City-based TV show reached nearly 30 million



Teale facing two murder and an rape-related charges

American households and an unknown number of Canadian homes that could pick it up with satellite dishes. Many Canadian viewers thought were that not the program's producers supplied 18 American border stations and one Canadian station with alternative programming. "We don't want to break any laws or fronts," said Edith Harris, a spokeswoman for the program. "We're very paranoid about negative publicity."

A Current Affair is hardly alone in trying to cash in on the growing international interest in the Ontario tragedy. At least two Toronto companies are working on television movies about Teale and Mahaffy. Four books are being written about the case, and some people with inside knowledge have already sold their stories. *A Current Affair* was an unfashioned sure to a young man who claims to have occupied a cell next to Teale's at a Toronto jail and to have talked to him through an air vent. Maxine Wile, media lawyers are appealing the publication ban, even as Teale's defense lawyers and Crown prosecutors are preparing for what may be

one of the longest and most sensational murder trials in Canadian history.

Teale is accused of murdering 16-year-old Mahaffy, who was abducted near her Burlington home on June 25, 1991. Her 16-year-old body was found crushed in a car crash in a lake near St. Catharines two weeks later. He is also accused of murdering 15-year-old French, who was abducted while walking home from St. Catharines school on April 16, 1992, and held hostage for 13 days. Her body was later discovered in a ditch near Burlington. A preliminary hearing, which would last three months, will begin in St. Catharines next April 3 and Teale's trial will likely be held sometime in 1995. Teale also faces 46 suspected charges for attacks on women, mostly in the Toronto suburb of Scarborough.

A Current Affair helixes its program as "the story the Canadian government doesn't want you to hear." In fact, Ontario Attorney General Marion Boyd warned cable companies and TV stations prior to the broadcast that any broadcast of the publication ban "will

be handled very, very severely." Some southern Ontario bar owners took that threat seriously: despite the pleas of patrons, they refused to use their satellite dishes to pull in the program.

The segment—reported by Canadian-born Mary Garsdale—conducted brutal interviews with the mothers of both murder victims. And it included the interview with Teale's alleged cell mate, who appeared on screen wearing a ball cap and an apparently fake mustache to disguise his identity. "I spent hours and hours talking to him about everything," said the man, who went by the pseudonym David. He even claimed to have had a sexual encounter with Teale—although he did not explain how it occurred in the special segregation unit where they were held to protect them from other prisoners.

Producers of the tabloid show did not reveal how much they did "David," nor would Toronto lawyer Loftis Cuddy, who represented him. But Stephen Williams, a freelance journalist from Hamilton, Ont., who is writing a book about the case for Toronto-based publisher Little Brown, said that Cuddy asked him for \$10,000 for an exclusive interview with the former in prison and later dropped the price to \$7,500. Williams said that he rejected both offers. Nick Pratt, a Toronto Star crime writer who is also writing a book (*Bad Bloods of Toronto*) said that he also turned down a chance to buy the inmate's story. "I've never worked on a story where so many people had their hands out," Pratt added.

Williams and Pratt are part of a crowded field. Toronto Star columnist Christine Macdonald has a contract to produce a book (*Toronto's Key Person*) that will include both the murder and the unusual sex-sat trials. And two other Toronto Star journalists, Alan Curran and Scott Burnside, are writing a book, the New York City-based Warner Books aimed at the entire North American market.

The film deals are far less advanced than the books about the case. Loren Mankiewicz, director of business affairs with Toronto-based Global Communications Inc., said that Global is trying to acquire "the rights to the life stories of various individuals connected with the case." And independent Toronto filmmaker Michael Spink and his project will go ahead only if he can convince a major U.S. network to put up the \$5 million necessary to produce a TV movie. Amidst the clutter of commerce, it is not always easy to recall the human sides of the two teenagers, alive and innocent.

BY ARCY JENNIFER

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Moseley River: 'It is like a nightmare—except you never wake up'

CRIME

A town in terror

Hoodlums harass a small Nova Scotia community

Not our living in Moseley River, N.S., ever remembers serving tough, stocky Donald Findlay show a trace of fear. Yet the popular construction contractor told friends and family that he was worried as he waited to begin a weekend at the Halifax Correctional Centre on Oct. 1, part of his sentence for dangerous driving. Findlay, 47, did not really know he was in trouble—particularly in the same prison with other criminals with whom he had had repeated confrontations. His concerns turned out to be justified: about two hours after entering the prison, the father of three was found beaten and near death. He died an hour later in hospital. And last week, the RCMP charged a 30-year-old local man with first-degree murder—the first death to result from an ongoing reign of terror, residents say. "It was inevitable," declares Jack Stewart, 48, the village millman and a friend of Findlay's. "Someone or someone was going to get killed."

Set amidst the wooded headlands and deep bays of Nova Scotia's eastern shore, Moseley River hardly looks like a community under siege. But last week, the stream was eerily quiet in the tiny, isolated 150 km east of Halifax. Since Findlay's death, wary townspeople at caution-parked public meetings have repeatedly told police officers and

RCMP officers about living in constant fear of being robbed, assaulted and assaulted. And the RCMP acknowledges that the area has experienced an increase in crime in recent years. A single thread runs through residents' reported tales: how a small group of young hoodlums rules their once-sleepy community of about 300 by intimidation. One of their victims, whose car was vandalized and who refused to testify, declares "It is like a nightmare—except you never wake up."

The nightmare is a re-emerging one. Now at their 30s, most of the dozen-or-so men believed to be behind the bulk of the crimes grew up in the economically depressed region, says Sgt. Ian Drummond, head of the RCMP's Street Harassment detachment. As they have grown older, he adds,

they have graduated from mere hoodlums to "a loosely knit group of career criminals." And in Moseley River—which is without a full-time RCMP officer and is populated by many senior citizens—they have easy pickings. Homes, businesses, offices—even the local Baptist Church—are frequently burglarized and vandalized, the Mounties say. Automobiles, walk-in freezers and roofs have been smashed and trees and gas-line valves. Townspeople have complained about being harassed in the streets by drunks. Some par-



Findlay: 'a turning point'

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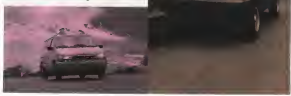
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CRIME

crisis when he sent their children to the store without an adult escort.

On and on it goes. Last year, a woman broke one night to find thieves stealing her VCR before she chased them off at gunpoint. Meanwhile, the windows of the local credit union were shot out and a parked car was firebombed. Jim Alley, the minister at the Mosser River Baptist Church, had an even closer call last fall when a young man pulled a knife on him on the highway near his church. With similar undertone, Alley says, "At times this town seems too lawless."

The citizens of Mosser River complain of too little police protection—and a justice system that is too lenient on criminals. In truth, though, many Mosser River residents are simply too intimidated to report many crimes. And anyone who stands up to the lawless risks trouble. One example: last year, Anthony Turner, a 40-year-old contractor, went to the aid of his brother-in-law, who had been surrounded by four men wielding hockey sticks. In the scuffle that followed, Turner was hit in the mouth and on the back of the head, requiring 28 stitches. Three men were jailed and one received probation in connection with the incident. Declares Debra Naugle, 30, a local school-bus driver who was involved in a carboast too with the same group, "They want to take over the whole county."

Donald Findlay tested their resolve a number of times. "He wasn't scared to take them on," recalls his father, Neil. One night about two years ago a parking car sprayed Donald Findlay's house with bullets. His father says Naugle's house was even changed in the incident. Some time later, Donald's truck collided with the group's car—and Findlay found himself in court. Convicted of dangerous driving, he lost his licence and was sentenced to 34 days in jail—to be served on weekends—starting on Oct. 1, 1993.

The Halifax Correctional Centre conducted an internal review into Findlay's murder and concluded that its staff followed correct procedures. But Neil Findlay says the institution should have protected his son. The man charged in the crime was Wade Plett, a 30-year-old prisoner already serving 18 months for several offences. Ultimately the question of the prison's culpability may be decided by an independent investigator empowered by the Nova Scotia government to review the jail's procedures. Meanwhile, Findlay's family has refused a lawyer to seek compensation from the provincial government for his death.

Already, the tragedy has changed his home town. The RCMP is considering putting a full-time officer in the village. And, perhaps most importantly, Findlay's death has left the townspeople agitated in their determination to finally take back control at their community says Naugle. "Maybe this will be a turning point."

JOHN DEWENT on these days

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Yacht Base: The newest developments include the world class Broward Center for the Performing Arts along downtown Fort Lauderdale's Riverwalk, the Convention Center located in Fort Boyardale, the world's second largest cruise port and the newly opened \$30 million Museum of Discovery and Science and Hialeah Mall. Theaters, a hands-on participatory attraction for the whole family in downtown Fort Lauderdale.

Add 3800 hours of sunshine annually, an average temperature of 77 degrees, 32,000 hotel rooms, 2500 restaurants, and a wealth of all the beach activities for a perfect vacation setting including 150 tennis courts, 75 golf courses, 284 parks.

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Waterway in all you can eat harbors and sunset dinners of seafood specialties. Marlins baseball, thoroughbred racing a Gables Park, horse racing at Pegasus Park, Dania Jai Allos, Hollywood Greyhound Track, plus attractions such as Ocean World, Butterfly World, Everglades without tears, enlightening cruises, 15 spas, more than 100 nightclubs and shops galore including Sawgrass Mills, the world's largest discount outlet mall.

Since the turn-of-the-century when the single harbor waterfront nudged through the sand with his neck of muck, this South Florida destination has become an aquatic playground and a burgeoning metropolis... a vacation paradise.

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Resort facilities offer most of the art cardio/aerobic and weight training equipment, swimming pools, and exercise classes. Guests receive physical, nutrition counseling and personal attention. Regardless of whether you've never worked out before, want to start again, or have gained weight and want to lose it, top professionals will develop programs to suit your individual needs and goals.

After a day of energizing exercise, take in some of the spectacular scenery found throughout Florida. Visit some of the



fascinating attractions nearby. Build a castle in the sand, treat your health at a spa, eat, or simply stroll along the seashore as you watch the sun spill into the ocean.

Get your rights on a vacation full of fitness and fun. And remember, the more effort you put into a healthy vacation, the more your body will thank you when you return home.

St. Petersburg/Clearwater

The St. Petersburg/Clearwater Florida vacation is supposed to and then some. St. Petersburg, Clearwater and the cosmopolitan of Tarpon Springs, Dunedin, Indian Rocks Beach, Madeira Beach, Treasure Island and St. Petersburg Beach make up the most popular resort area on Florida's Gulf coast. Here's why.

The Beaches

This area, sometimes known as the Pinellas Seashore, has 38 miles of spectacular, white sand beaches which are some of the most beautiful and well maintained anywhere in the world. The active-minded can try swimming, sailing, windsurfing, jet-skiing, parasailing, boating, fishing, snuba diving and deep sea fishing. For the non-swimmer, there is no better place to just relax in the refreshing Gulf of Mexico breezes and soak up the sun. In addition, gentle Gulf surf and 261 days of sunshine each year make these beaches a perfect year-round playground for beach bingers and families.

Attractions

Area attractions are numerous and unique. St. Petersburg is home to the Salvador Dali Museum which houses the world's most comprehensive collection of works by this famous Spanish master. Great Explorations is a "hands-on" museum for the young and young-at-heart, and the Museum of Pinst Arts is highly respected for its collection of



French impressionist paintings. One of the most popular spots in Florida is St. Petersburg's Pier, a festival market place of shops, restaurants and activities. Golf and tennis abound with over 40 golf courses including the state's number one ranked course, and tennis is good. The Women's Tennis Association calls the area home. The Sunshine Seabird Sanctuary is the largest wild bird hospital in North America and over 600 birds are on display for the public to enjoy at no charge. The Greek community of Tarpon Springs is one of America's most fascinating and is the headquarters of the national sponge industry. Famous theme parks like Busch Gardens, Walt Disney World®, Epcot®, Disney's Epcot Center, Universal Studios and Sea World are all within a 90 minute drive.

Other Reasons...

Amusement parks from famous, world class resorts to family owned and operated amusements. Dining options are equally varied with the finest in gourmet cuisine to casual establishments offering fresh seafood at hamburger prices. Nightlife activities include numerous dinner theaters, plus cultural and Broadway style productions at Ruth Eckerd Hall in Clearwater and Mahaffey Theater in

St. Petersburg. Nightclubs and pubs offer live music, comedy and dance. Shopping can be enjoyed at numerous malls or antique waterfront villages. No matter what age, interest or budget, the St. Petersburg/Clearwater area has something for almost everyone. The friendly hospitality and life style will help make memories and magic that last a lifetime and will bring you back again and again.



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PEOPLE

Sister cyberfunk

As the band's only female bassist, **Sandy Horne** was arguably the most striking feature of the 1980s Canadian twerpcore group the Spoons. But now, basiste sporting a mane of straight blond hair, she is leading a new, more daring band, Dog Work! Inc. along with singer Leon Stevenson. The band just released its first album, *Schmattefunk*, which features a blend of course Toronto-based Horne calls "cyberfunk"—a "combination of funk, rap and everything," she laughs. Horne, 31, says that although the Spoons have not officially broken up, she is putting all her efforts into her new band. Well, most of her effort. Only three months ago, she gave birth to a son, Isaac, who just does not get excited about her new career path. "To him, I'm not a musician, a blonde or a sex symbol," Horne said. "I'm just Mom."

Horne: "Funk, rap and everything"

Concubines and revolution

In director **Chen Kaige's** latest film, *Farewell My Concubine*, two Peking Opera stars rise to a pinnacle of romance and betrayal. For the director, the movie's tragedy has close ties to his life. In 2000 at age 34, Chen publicly disowned his own father during China's Cultural Revolution. "I was young, but I knew it was wrong," Chen, 44, said. Marking "It was the turning point of my life—the Cultural Revolution in my life," his father, now 73, was sent to the rice fields, while Chen became a Red Guard. Now one of China's most important directors, Chen remains haunted by his betrayal—scars of the Cultural Revolution in *Concubine*, he says, are taken from his own memories.



Kaige: "wrong"

The movie won top honors at Cannes in May, but Chinese authorities banned it at home, reportedly for its depiction of sexuality, suicide and dissent. Later, says Chen, **Jewelry Dong Xiangling** hired the band after seeing the film with his family. Still, the ending has been softened for Chinese audiences. The director says that he will not see the censored version—"It would make me very sad." But he has seen another high tragedy about a Peking Opera star, *Canadian David Cronenberg's M. Butterfly*, and found it "misconstruing." In scenes of the Cultural Revolution are "very, very superficial," he says. "I know, because I was there."



ing the rain forest and ending child poverty—and has chafed big business fat, as she told *Maclean's*, "being more concerned about private greed than the public good." But now, she has found grudging acceptance among traditional businessmen. Indeed, she spoke recently at the Canadian Club in Toronto—the heart of conservative corporatism in Canada. "I talk about going into the energy camp," Rodzik said. But her knees remain the same: she headed her views. Asked why so few women head Fortune 500 companies, she replied: "Who gives a toss about the Fortune 500?"

Rodzik: "in the energy camp"

'A serious entertainer'

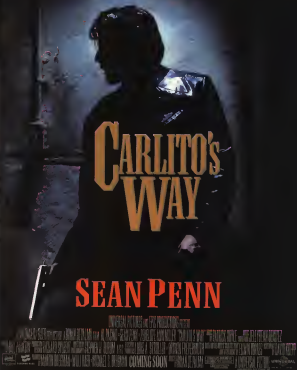
Ladies in distress, evil-doers, murder and brother-slaying: among the titles of Victorian England—**Ron Faltis's** latest novel, *A Dangerous Fortune*, delivers its share of thrills and titillation, and that is evident as it goes for the 44-year-old London-based author, who readily acknowledges that he is not out to write serious fiction. "Not in the way that people mean when they talk about 'serious fiction,'" Faltis adds. "I mean, it's a very serious entertainer." Entertained by his brief foray into the good-beyond-beyond, whose both



Faltis: "thrills and titillation"

titles include *Eye of the Needle* (1978) and *Pillars of the Earth* (1988). But would he ever "take a stab at an overly 'literary' novel?" "It's a question I'm asked a lot, as if people think I ought to want to write a book that might win the Booker Prize, as opposed to a book that might sell 10 million copies all over the world and make me rich," he replies. "I can't think why people imagine that."

PACINO



The magic of Fellini



Mastroianni (left), Fellini and Loren at the Oscars: wardrobe and a playful sense of the absurd

His first excursion into the bizarre was *BITS* (1962), a movie that laments and banters with nightmarish fantasies, including a sequence in which the hero (Marcello Mastroianni) uses a whip to debauch himself against a plague of women. One degraded comic immediately dismissed such imagery as "the rebarbation of a genre." But Italian film-maker Federico Fellini's penchant for the strange and grotesque came to be celebrated around the world, and even to acquire its own adjective: Felliniesque. The director, who died last week from heart and lung failure at the age of 73, left some of the most *amazing*, unforgettable footprints in the history of the cinema. There are the raucous completely surrealized bits in *Juher of the Spoons* (1965), the absurd burlesque in *Saturno* (1969), the protest on reality shows in *Shower* (1972). All at that wonderful is tinged with humor, a playful sense of the absurdity of it all. "The cinematic trademark is so immediately identifiable," says Toronto director Alan Taylor. "For any scoring film

maker, his works have been deeply inspiring."

In fact, there were two Fellinis. He was a wizard of spectacle who bewitched and bedazzled audiences that he could also be a realist, the creator of such humor, intimate and early works as *La Strada* and *The Nights of Cabiria*—both starring the director's wife, Giulietta Masina—and then, later, of nostalgic films (including *Amarcord*), a sweetly hilarious evocation of his youth. Both strands of Fellini's talent were wide acclaim: *La Strada*, *Cabiria*, *8½* and *Amarcord* all

scored Oscars, far and far from his last film. Then, last March, Sophia Loren presented him with another Academy Award—for lifetime achievement.

Fellini's influence on other filmmakers has been profound. Although he was not inclined to fantasy, he gave cinematic vividness to the unconscious, a new respectability. The self-explanatory nature of his work—*La Dolce Vita* (1960), *8½* and *City of Women*

(1980) are all strongly personal, featuring Mastroianni as an alter ego—let other film-makers to raise their own pictures for material. "He was a key figure introducing outside reality into the cinema," says James Quinn, program director of the Bergamo Christmas festival in Toronto. "It's hard to raise easy directors who were not influenced by that."

Movies became a lifeline for Fellini early on. Born in 1920 to travelling food sales and Urbano Fellini and his wife, Ida, the young Federico became room-mate of American cinema while growing up in the Adriatic resort town of Rimini. It was a welcome escape from his strict Catholic training at a private school—later on, he frequently paled face at clerics in his films—and from the fascism that was invading his country. At 17, Fellini left home to seek his fortune in Florence. Eventually he drifted into work as a writer, first for a satirical magazine, then for a radio series, then for a satirical troupe. He got his start, thanks to the movie industry when he was in his early 30s and collaborated with Roberto Rossellini.

Fellini's first work as a director was *Tomato Light* (1949), the tale of an unnamed troupe of actors starring Miami. She went on to be his leading lady in several films. They married in 1945, when she was the star of a radio soap opera and he was writing for the medium. Until he suffered a stroke in August, they continued to live together in their Rome apartment. Masina came to Toronto in 1968 for the Canadian screening of Fellini's *Ginger and Fred*, and Francesca Ferreri, director of Toronto's Italian Cultural Institute—which housed the premiere—recalls that the director's "incredible tenderness" towards Masina was touching. "She was his heart, a wife and (Fellini) called her once or twice a day Rose-Rose."

At home, Fellini had come to be known as *Il Maestro*. In recent years, screenings of his movies continued to be major events, even as they failed to generate excitement outside of Italy, and his works did not even travel beyond its borders. But throughout the world his strongest voices and his humor will continue to guarantee his status as *The Master*.

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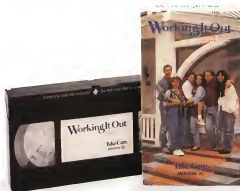


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"We have to talk openly about drinking, especially underage drinking."

Dr. Robert Peroutka, Professor Psychology, McGill University



Concerned about young people and the way they encounter drinking today, Molson got some expert advice. Advice from experts like Dr. Robert Peroutka, an authority in public health promotion, research organizations like TIRF, the Traffic Injury Research Foundation, and volunteers in health promotion, family counselling services and youth organizations.

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LIFE WITH BILLY
(CBC, Nov. 7, 9 p.m.)

On March 11, 1982, Jane Stafford pointed a loaded shot gun at the head of her soon-to-be husband, Billy Stafford, who was in a drunken stupor in his truck. She pulled the trigger and killed him. Because Billy had been severely abusive for several years, Jane was acquitted of first-degree murder—the courtroom audience applauded when the verdict was read out. But the Crown successfully appealed the decision. To avoid a second trial, the Nova Scotia woman pleaded guilty to a lesser offence of manslaughter and was sentenced to six months in jail in 1983. She served two months. Stafford's case gained national prominence. The homicide physical and mental abuse she endured for five years brought the issue of family violence into the glare of public scrutiny. Now, the CBC is airing *Life with Billy*, a two-hour drama that depicts the woman's violent marriage: the shouting and the threat. Painfully acted and wrenchingly vivid, the program gives us an unforgettable look at the abuse that has become known as battered wife syndrome.

In the past several years the CBC has come to excel at either producing or acquiring dramas based on true-life stories. What that group is taking up next is a slice of U.S. television. Canadian productions have tended to be less sensational in their treatment of sensitive material. In the past, the public network has run such shows as *Love and Mercy*, *The Story of Colin and Joshua* (1985), about the Saskatoon pedophile case, and *Amending Fools* (1985), which examines how a Montreal teen left blind about the murder of a rabbi's girl, and *The Sign of St. Vincent* (1983), which is loosely based on the child abuse scandal at the Mount Carmel orphanage in Newfoundland. They all boasted high-calibre scripts and acting. Using the artistic licence afforded by dramatic recreations, they delivered fresh insight into stories that had already received extensive media coverage. *Life with Billy*, based on

Toronto journalist Brian Vallee's 1986 book of the same name, and scripted by Judith Thompson and John Fitzell, really fits into that body of work.

Shot in and around Halifax, the production is filled with grey, wintry landscapes and



Bentley: skillfully evoking the deterioration caused by chronic violence

Jane Stafford suffered horrific abuse—until she killed her vicious husband

cinematographic banality that suggest estrangement. Living in tiny Bacons Falls, N.S., Jane was psychologically isolated by shame and fear and strangled by a community that refused to acknowledge what was happening. At the time, police could not legally lay charges against Billy without Jane coming forward, which she knew would provide violent reprisals.

Actress Nancy Bentley and Stephen McMillan deliver superb performances as Jane and Billy. Bentley's lecture is excellent, even contrasting with McMillan's menacing tirade. The story opens with the shouting and screaming of Jane's husband. Using the artistic licence afforded by dramatic recreations, they delivered fresh insight into stories that had already received extensive media coverage. *Life with Billy*, based on

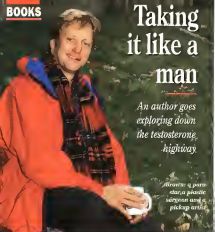
scenes with a rifle blow to her mouth. The most harrowing scene occurs off-screen, when Jane has to listen to her husband beating their four-year-old son—Billy has told her that way more to ensure will only result in something worse for the child. The small letters Jane was forced to submit to—packed like bedding with a dial—is recorded only as the witness stated during the trial, the courtroom clearly silent as she speaks in a barely audible whisper.

Bentley skillfully evokes Jane's identity deterioration as the violence escalates. Her voice and body language convey insecurity, then rebellion, then numbness and despair. Not thinking—a pattern consistent with most abuse cases. At one point, after Billy has knocked her through a wall in an earlier marriage off his chair, Jane yells hysterically at the boy, asking him why he had even the police skins on his plate if he knew it would open Billy and McMillan's low, menacing voice and lightning jumps from wordless retreat to explosive rage both respect and attorney's response he not to watch him.

The problem with the production is that it focuses exclusively on Jane's two-year hell. There is no glimpse into her troubled childhood, which may have made her particularly susceptible to Billy. Nor does the drama of her anything but the briefest mention of Jane's steps towards recovery after her release from prison. Returning to her mother's home, Marham, after Billy's death, she became a lingerie salesman for bankrupted women. She worked to escape prostitution, explaining why it is often impossible to rebuild love a violent relationship and against her legal reforms.

Still, the scenes of chronic abuse were gripping. Barker's first and most disturbing wound in her case in February, 1980, and her death was noted as a suicide. According to Vallee, who also wrote a 1980 sequel to her story, *Life After Billy*, she told him that it was important that a movie be made to be shared women who might not have access to his book or to other information. "She felt that the movie be published [the harder it would be to ignore]," Vallee said in an interview. "And she thought that *The Battering Day* can offer us a new name about a similar story." It didn't go far enough in showing what a lot of women went through. "Women can come to a tragic end but the TV drama *Life with Billy* offers a small measure of redemption."

DAVID THURBER



Taking it like a man

An author goes exploring down the testosterone highway

Brown: a post-studio pickup artist

MAN OVERBOARD: THE ADVENTURES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN MEN

By Alan Brown
(Macmillan/McGraw-Hill, \$26.95)

With the advent of the men's movement, gender subordination has become an equal-opportunity literary genre. Even Times may have produced libraries full of texts by and about women, but there are now whole sections in bookstores devoted to new interpretations of manhood. Thousands of new (mostly American), with the help of such male-movement personae as author Robert Bly (*Iron John*), have, since the mid 1980s, trodden to workshops where behind closed doors they danced, cried and masturbated themselves into a higher state of male consciousness. In *Man Overboard: The Adventures of the North American Men*, Alan Brown, a Canadian author and award-winning journalist, offers up his own quirky view of contemporary masculinity.

A personal and journalistic odyssey, *Man Overboard* is refreshingly engaging. It is also a more divisive drive down the testosterone highway, filled with personality quirkiness, intent and blatant sexism and, well, cack-and-bell. If there was a Gender Politics Act, Brown could

be charged with failing to yield to the new authority, and to threaten reentry to grow up.

Man Overboard opens with the author's confession that his wife's desire to have a baby terrifies him. He mockingly contemplates "as countless commentators onto which I had apparently stepped." Then, he does a man-hoisted male thing: He evades the issue by leaving town. Armed with a book contract to write about the current state of North American manhood, Brown—temporarily based in California where his wife, Juliana Schoeller, is a writer versus for GQ—hits the road, trying to confront his own fear of emasculation.

Paradoxically, though, Brown chooses subjects who live out on the extreme edges of male experience. They include a porn star whose mission in life is to get the "rehearse [and] the distance" when he ejaculates for the camera, a polygamous, life-size, Texas and a group of liberal who look, maintain workshops and fantasies about going back to his Paterfamilias reunion in drag, dressed in a "Gibsonian leopard-skin miniskirt."

There are not domestic heroes who could show Brown what he claims he wanted to discover when he got married: "What lay on the other side of boredom." Instead, they are provocative leads to Brown becoming a kind of George Plafon of the gender circuit, drop-

ping himself into various scenes—yelling, surfing, cruising in a gay leather bar, hanging out with car thieves—and trying on different male identities as if they were so many hats.

Brown is an excellent writer and reporter, and a seductive stylist. There is a plot that keeps the page in his descriptions. For instance, of a California pickup artist posing giving a 60-year-old man a haircut, all the while doing back calls or talking on the phone: "The mark of a real man!" Brown writes. "The ability to do two things at the same time: Hack great chunks off a man's pate and find them into a wheelchair like bits of fat off a newly barbequed steak."

But there are times when his writing is disappointingly shallow. Hanging out in bars with Bopce, a pickup artist who will do anything (including impersonate a Xena attraction) to get a woman into bed, and whose main obsession in life is big breasts, Brown cheerfully confesses: "Disapprove as I often did at his behavior, it couldn't help being fun" (The dust jacket promises "Robert Bly by way of Hunter S. Thompson," but seems like this read more like a Jay McInerney novel—oil it high lights the line).

Brown shows more depth when he writes, but not without regrettably deconstructs the men's movement, describing "a grossman of men feeling an need." One male activist assembly captures the plight of being a guy in the late stages of the 20th century: "Our lives work," he tells Brown. "We're white middle-class men, supposedly the envy of the world—so why doesn't a girl go?"

Occasionally the sarcasm and sophistication of Brown's reporting contrast awkwardly with the more personal writing, which can seem rather naive or, ironically, Celine Dion's vulgar "My private place" as an ode to his bathroom chapter on Lamine (child bath classes certainly fall into this category). On the other hand, he is compelling and brave as he inches closer to the core of his own masculinity, thinking aloud in the dark: "I thought that once you had been disappointed enough, being a man didn't amount to much more than choosing a prize. The prizes were family, but, class, money, independence, power... and loneliness."

When Brown finally reaches the birth of his daughter, a moment that he has made the leap not only into fatherhood, but into the realm of the real (his first love). "I have a new leader now, a new commander-in-chief. I know I was susceptible to go to, to losses and commanders and all authority—even in the form of my child who is two hours old," he pleads his case.

In *Man Overboard*, Brown glimpses with the terror (and joy) he feels in the face of real responsibility, and reveals an almost proud guilt about being a man—new style or old. In doing so with warmth, humor and of a great style, he has put together his own highly original masculinity workshop. Best of all: it is open to both genders.

JULIETH THOMSON

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Jean Chrétien's route to power

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

Joseph Jacques Jean Chrétien is where he is today because of two women. One wonders whether they know it.

On the evening of June 30, 1984, Jean Chrétien came to the podium at the Liberal leadership race in Ottawa and announced the vote that made John Turner the new leader of the party. She then in offering congratulations to the runner-up, named Jean Chrétien as second in the ballot "but first in our hearts." The candidate named in tribute to his wife was not only a Liberal MP but also a woman—a fact that was not lost on the crowd. It was an extraordinary ally—if not a political ally—for a president of the party to say perhaps the first sentence of a strong feminist for the burgeoning movement she had gone through with Turner. It indicated that while one guy was no match for the other guy better. And Chrétien became convinced that he had been somehow cheated of the crown. To this day the two men have never made up.

The second woman is publisher Anna Porter. She came to a certain reporter one day and asked if he thought there was a book in Jean Chrétien. This brilliant secret seemed not there until she said, "I was just told." She didn't agree, having just met Chrétien for the first time and, over lunch, was bowled away by his rough-and-ready personality. She was searching then for the political expert didn't.

She told Rex Graham a fiction writer, to interview Chrétien and they then sat at a table in his name. The result, straight from the heart, became the best-selling political confession ever "written" in his country, selling 100,000 copies for Key Porter Books. On his remarkable book tour Chrétien was treated like a hero and by the end of it he had found his Graham's name (having convinced him self he had actually written it). Good day for her.

So he visited our Turner, he visited our Bill Mulroney, he visited our Rita Satchell and today he's back at the head. Good for him.

Chrétien, now at a candidate, was the 10th of 19 children, only 12 of whom survived childhood. He was kicked out of his school until, at 12, he met his first girl friend. His name was Alice. She was 16, married by the church, his first and only love. Chrétien sat by the window, Trudeau on the side. Trudeau



He would walk on the outside, she on the inside, their fingers tracing a path through the lines. He plucked his truth through the noise.

When Chrétien first went to Ottawa as an MP in 1980, he was practically unaided. Fredrick Mitchell Sharp, a former minister and later made him his parliamentary secretary. Alice Chrétien became a junior minister, the finance minister's secretary. "Don't worry, Mr. Sharp," said the minister. "I didn't understand a word of that."

Once a junior cabinet minister, Chrétien found himself one day facing with his social opposite, the wealthy and stylish and Pierre Trudeau, a man he held in awe. Chrétien sat by the window, Trudeau on the side. Trudeau

absolutely hated himself in his briefcase papers. A full-time word by a minister.

Trudeau began to speak the window and the nervous Chrétien, trying to get something going, said "It's raining outside." Trudeau, never taking his eyes from his papers, said "It's raining, it has to be outside." The fly, landed after another had been in silence.

When Robert Stanfield announced in the summer of 1985 that he wanted out of the Conservative leadership after three successive defeats in Trudeau, Chrétien jumped in to Joe Clark in a House of Commons speech. They were both young, sitting near the same age, and respected one another enough on opposite sides of the House, probably because of similar ambulatory styles, two looks from two small towns.

Clark allowed as how for all his inexperience, was talking with the idea of making for the Conservative leadership. He wanted Chrétien's advice. "I'll tell you one thing for certain," Jean replied, "I'll tell you one thing for certain, you can't win." He stood into the room across by Chrétien's rough logic. Clark ran and all came was, I wonder if he's ever thanked him.

In Ottawa, Chrétien is intensely involved over detail, every department he has ever worked in reporting that his attention span won't go beyond three pages of written text. In his last a former reporter, who despised everything, didn't want to leave the boring facts on the issues because he wanted to watch an old movie that night, but was loved by the voters because he had about three people alone and stuck with them.

Churchill, while running a war and saving the world, would not even read a memorandum until it was returned to him "on one side of one page." Does Chrétien possess this unique quality? The man who made the decision to drop the bomb on Hiroshima and never missed a minute's sleep that night?

Or has he reached the heights, politics being his life and his only interest, partly by having around so long that all others have dropped from the view from his feet? He can't cancel all the helicopters, he can't reverse the Heisenberg uncertainty, but he presides, he co-opts and smooths the way.

Like Roman Reagan, he speaks a dialect. Any man who can make Rex Graham disappear in his own mind may be capable of astonishing things. After all, during the campaign, made the Conservative party disappear.

Considering where Joseph Jacques Jean Chrétien came from, he does good.



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